

Detective COMICS

10¢



FOLLOW THE GRIPPING AND ADVENTUROUS STORY
OF THE MYSTERIOUS **DR. FU MANCHU**
BY THE CELEBRATED AUTHOR
SAX ROHMER!
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **SLAM**
BRADLY, SPEED SAUNDERS,
BUCK MARSHALL, SPY,
LARRY STEELE,
COSMO AND
OTHERS!

SOCKO!

**NEW
ADVENTURE
COMICS**

**MORE FUN
COMICS**

**ACTION
COMICS**



**THREE
HOMERS
IN A ROW!!**



**MYSTERY, THRILLS AND
ADVENTURE IN EVERY ONE OF
THESE COMIC MAGAZINES!
10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**

DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS



AND THE HILTON DIAMOND



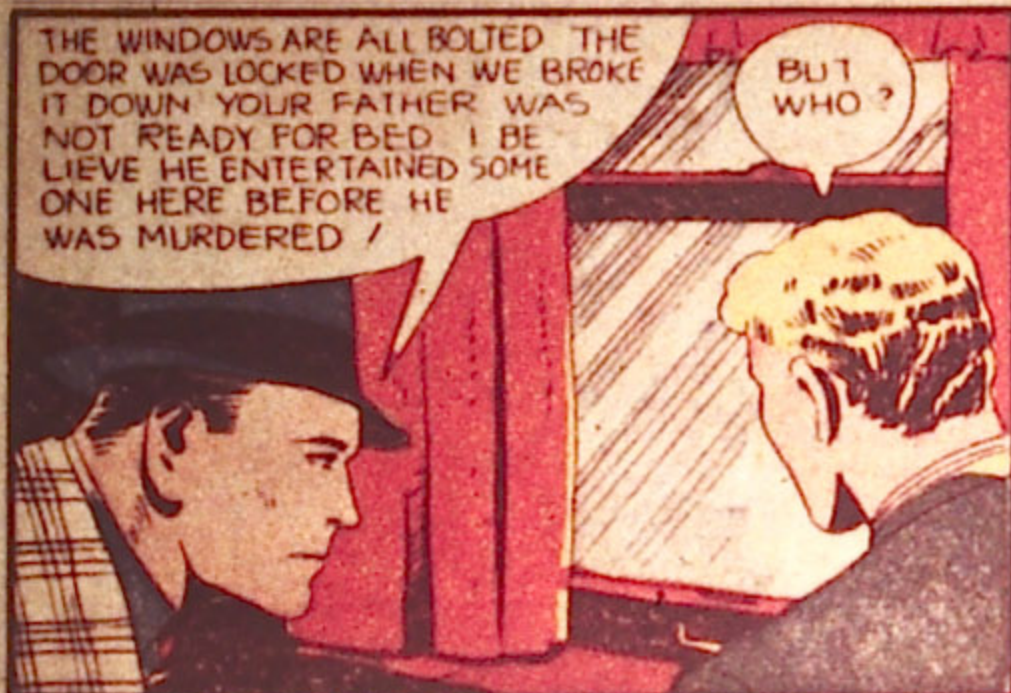
BY FRED GUARDINEER



WE'LL
NEED A
CHEMICAL
REPORT
HERE!

BUT WHY? THE
GUN IN HIS HAND
IT LOOKS LIKE
SUICIDE!

IT LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE - THAT'S
WHY I'M SUSPICIOUS YOUR FATHER,
JIM, WAS ONE OF THE BIGGEST
DIAMOND MERCHANTS IN THE
COUNTRY I THINK HE MAY
HAVE COME ACROSS SOMETHING
TOO BIG AND DANGEROUS, EVEN
FOR HIM -



THE WINDOWS ARE ALL BOLTED THE
DOOR WAS LOCKED WHEN WE BROKE
IT DOWN YOUR FATHER WAS
NOT READY FOR BED I BE
LIEVE HE ENTERTAINED SOME
ONE HERE BEFORE HE
WAS MURDERED!

BUT
WHO?



THAT'S MY PROBLEM LOOK
AT THIS DOOR! A MAN
COULD HAVE LOCKED THE
DOOR FROM THE OUT-
SIDE BY USING A PAIR
OF THIN PINNERS
TO TURN THE
KEY AND MAKE
A GETAWAY!



AND WE HAVE NO CLUES!



I'M NOT SO SURE WE'LL
LEAVE THE ROOM AS IS
UNTIL THE CORONER
ARRIVES AND FOLLOW
UP A HUNCH
OF MINE -

LATER - IN THE HOTEL LOBBY

JIM, THERE'S ELIAS BRENT / HE'S THE BIGGEST DIAMOND MERCHANT IN EUROPE - WONDER WHY HE'S STAYING HERE ?

TRY THE HOTEL REGISTER, SEE WHAT ROOM HE HAS !



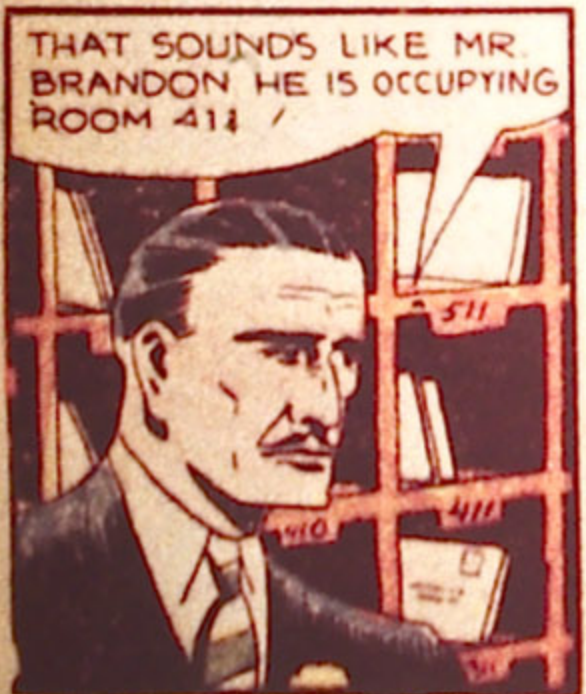
BRENT ? NO, SIR, NO SUCH PERSON REGISTERED HERE !

HE'S A TALL MAN, DARK WITH A DIAGONAL SCAR ON HIS LEFT CHEEK -

ROOM CLERK



THAT SOUNDS LIKE MR. BRANDON HE IS OCCUPYING ROOM 411 /



THAT'S DIRECTLY UNDER MR HILTON'S ROOM, 511. MAY WE SEE ROOM 411 ? I'M FROM HEADQUARTERS.



HERE'S 411 - MAYBE THERE'LL BE A CLUE !



EVER SEE THESE BEFORE, JIM ?

THEY'RE MY DADS ! WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE ?

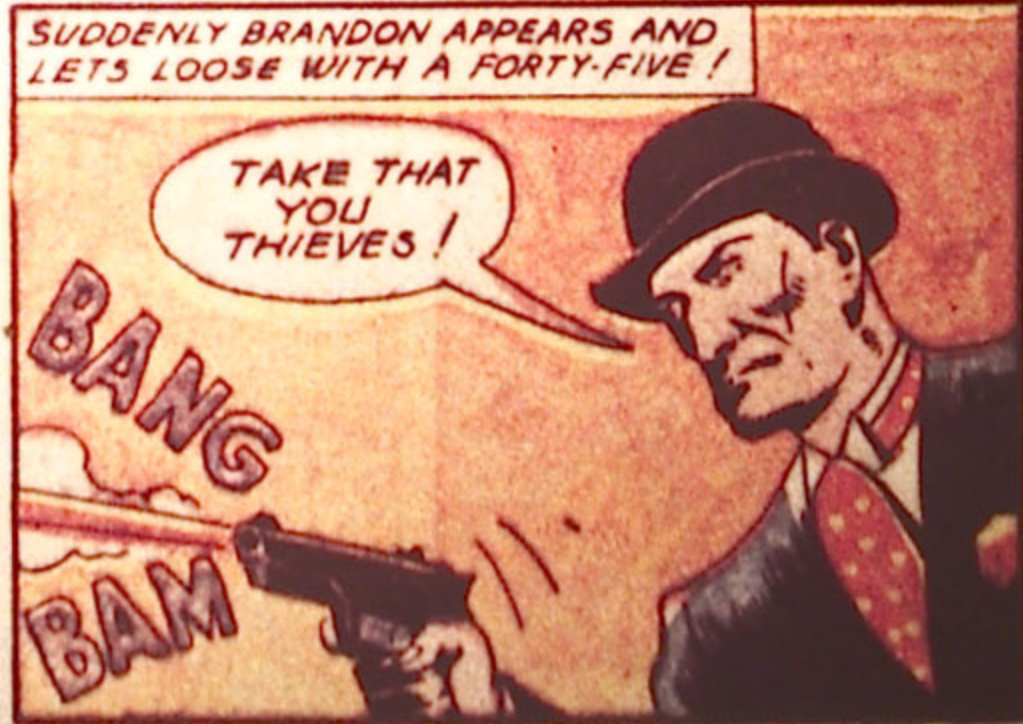


AH, THIS IS PRETTY GOOD FOR -



SUDDENLY BRANDON APPEARS AND LETS LOOSE WITH A FORTY-FIVE !

TAKE THAT YOU THIEVES !



AMID A WITHERING BLAST OF BULLETS, SPEED AND JIM FALL TO THE FLOOR -



FORTUNATELY THE DETECTIVE AND JIM RECEIVE ONLY MINOR WOUNDS AND A DOCTOR QUICKLY GIVES THEM FIRST AID -

I'M SORRY, SAUNDERS. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SNEAK-THIEF!

INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF A MAN UPSTAIRS, I WONDERED IF THE MURDERER GOT AWAY OUTSIDE. I GUESS IT WAS SUICIDE, THOUGH, FOR I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING!



YOU'LL PARDON ME I MUST MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR MY TRIP BACK TO EUROPE. THE DOCTOR WILL BILL ME FOR HIS FEE!



DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S SUICIDE? WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

OF COURSE I DON'T BUT I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW. COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM.



SPEED AND JIM FOLLOW BRANDON IN A TAXI -

HE'S TURNING INTO DARNELL'S!

THE FENCE FOR STOLEN GOODS?



YES THE TRAIL IS GETTING WARM I WONDER IF -



AFTER BRANDON LEAVES, SPEED TRIES HIS THEORY -

C'MON, LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT



GOT ANY DIAMONDS YOU CAN LET ME HAVE CHEAP?

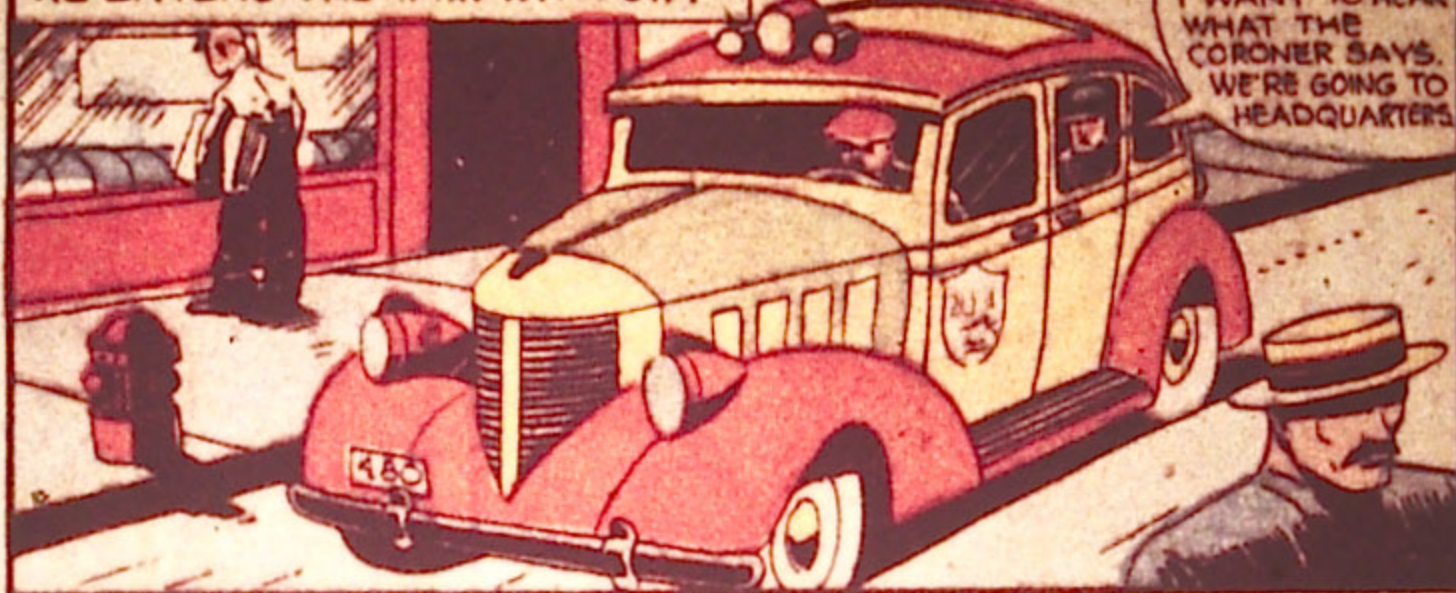


SPEED LEARNS THE TRUTH FROM THE GLINT OF FEAR IN THE FENCE'S EYES!



NO! NO DIAMONDS!

CONVINCED THAT HIS HUNCH WAS BRINGING RESULTS - SPEED RE-ENTERS THE TAXI WITH JIM -



I WANT TO HEAR WHAT THE CORONER SAYS. WE'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS.

AT HEADQUARTERS THE CHIEF CORONER SAYS -

THERE WAS CHLORAL IN MR HILTON'S STOMACH ENOUGH TO KNOCK HIM OUT FOR AN HOUR OR SO!



WAS THE CHLORAL ADMINISTERED BEFORE THE BULLET WAS FIRED?

YES THE NORMAL RE-ACTIONS OF THE BODY TO THE BULLET WERE GREATLY MINIMIZED DUE TO THE DRUGGING EFFECT OF THE CHLORAL!



I WANT TO GO BACK TO YOUR FATHER'S ROOM ONCE MORE TO MAKE A MORE THOROUGH SEARCH!



LET'S GO!

IN THE LATE MR HILTON'S HOTEL ROOM -

LOOK AT THIS, JIM KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR?



SURE IT'S USED TO CARRY DIAMONDS!

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER IT BELONGED TO YOUR FATHER?



NO HIS SACKS WERE ALL STAMPED WITH HIS INITIALS.



A STRANGER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY -



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN I USED TO BE MR. HILTON'S SECRETARY -

AND YOUR FATHER EXPECTED THIS MR. BRENT TO BRING WITH HIM A NEWLY DISCOVERED DIAMOND WEIGHING 200 CARATS IT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE



THAT CONNECTS EVERYTHING UP MOTIVE - TO STEAL THE DIAMOND. OPPORTUNITY - A DISCUSSION IN THIS ROOM. AND THE MEANS - A GUN AFTER A DOSE OF CHLORAL



YOU GO WITH YOUR FATHER'S SECRETARY HERE TO HEADQUARTERS AND GET OUT A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF THE FENCE IN THE BOWERY, JIM I'M GOING TO CHECK THE OUTGOING SHIPS TO EUROPE -



WHEN IS THE NEXT LINER FOR ENGLAND?



TO-NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT, SIR

PURSER

YES, SIR, THERE IS A MR. BRENT BOOKED FOR PASSAGE SUITE 12 ON "A" DECK



SPEED TELEPHONES HEADQUARTERS-

WHAT? THE DIAMOND THAT THE FENCE GOT IS PASTE! YOU'RE SURE? THEN IT WAS TO THROW US OFF THE TRACK MEET ME AT THE DOCK AT ONCE!

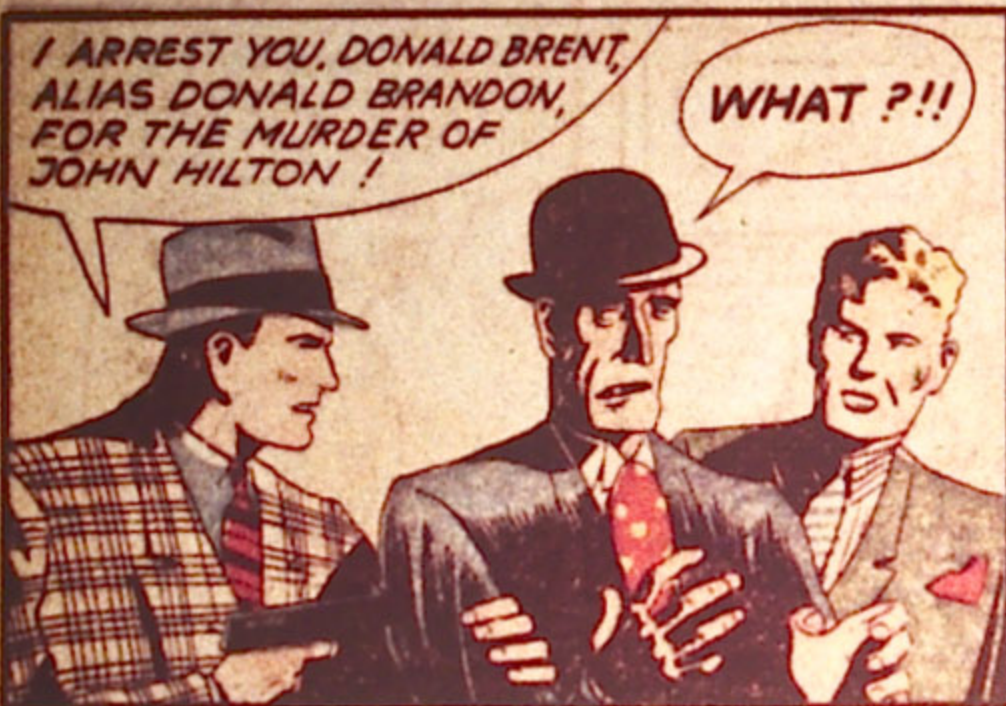


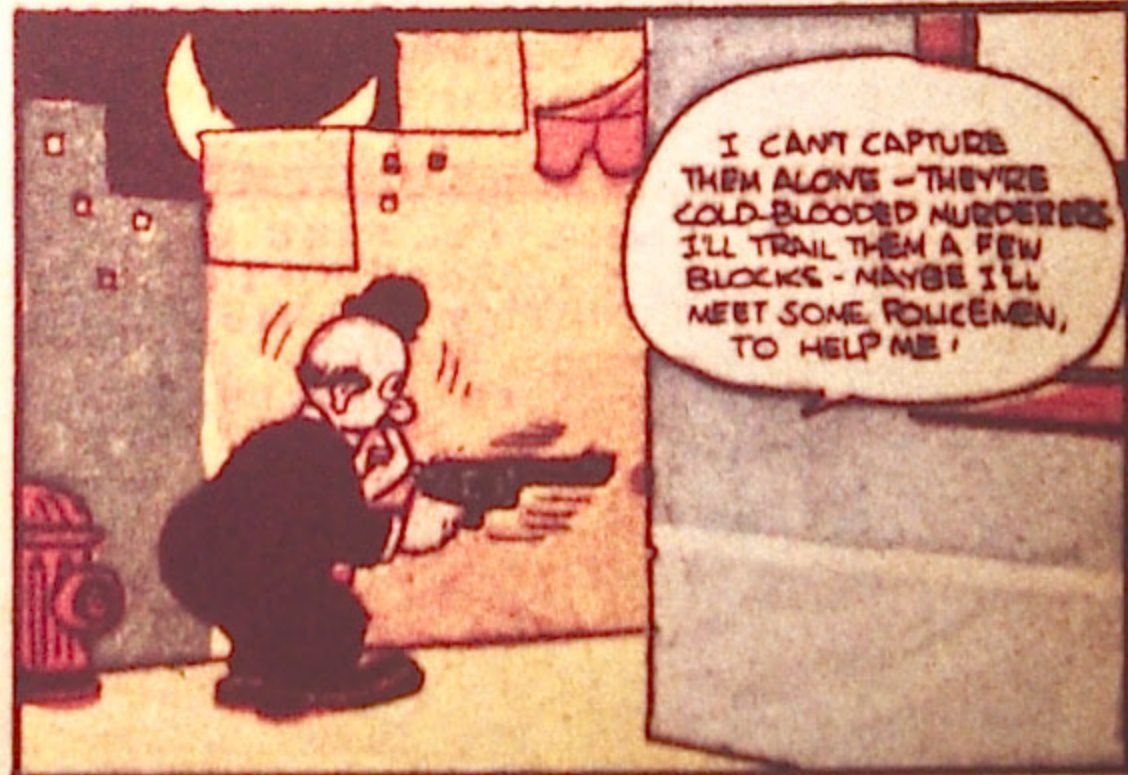
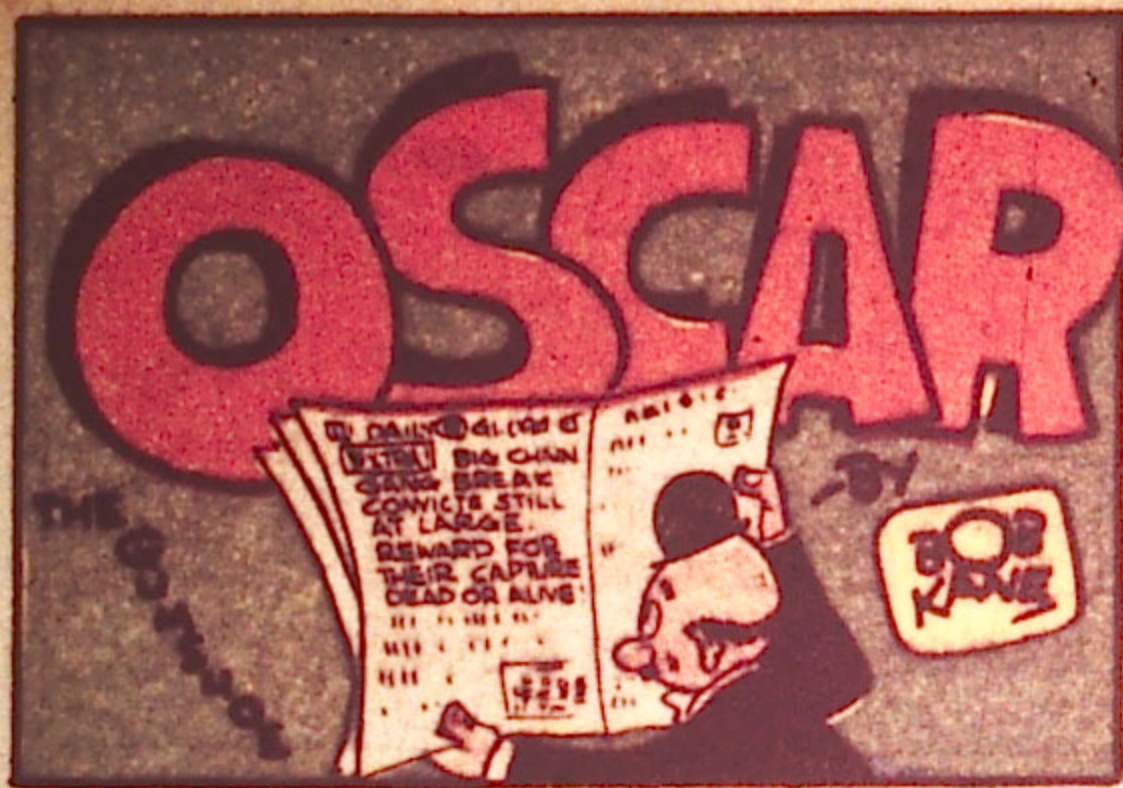
A FEW MINUTES LATER -

I'D NEED A SEARCH WARRANT TO GO INTO BRENT'S CABIN UNLESS I CAN DO IT ALONE YOU STAND GUARD, JIM



OKAY, SPEED!







COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

COSMO, FEELING THE NEED OF A VACATION DECIDES TO MAKE A SURPRISE VISIT TO THE HUGE TEXAS RANCH OF HIS FRIEND, SHERIFF HARVEY.

BY DEUCE, I'LL TAKE UP HARVEY'S STANDING INVITATION TO VISIT HIS RANCH. I NEED A CHANGE OF SCENERY.



BOARDING A TRAIN IN CHICAGO COSMO HEADS FOR THE LONE STAR STATE.



AT RED GULCH HE PURCHASES A HORSE AND DONS COWBOY CLOTHES FOR THE LONG, DUSTY RIDE TO THE RANCH.

WELL NOW, THAT'S NOT TOO BAD FOR A PARK AVENUE COWBOY.



RIDING OUT IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT THE SILENT OPEN SPACES GLEAM IN WELCOME TO THE CITY MAN.



TOWARD EVENING HE SIGHTS THE LOW, RAMBLING BUILDINGS OF THE RANCH.



THE YARD IS ASTIR WITH ACTIVITY. TWO ARMED MEN ACCOST COSMO.

STRANGER! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?



NEVER MIND WHO I AM,
I'VE COME TO SEE SHER-
IFF HARVEY.

OH YEAH?
WELL, HE CAN'T
BE SEEN.

COSMO IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE TOWN
MARSHALL.

MARCH ALONG-
A WRONG MOVE
AND YOU'RE A
GONER

WE'RE
SUSPIC-
IOUS OF
STRANGERS
THAT
WON'T
TALK.

HE EXPLAINS WHO HE IS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO
SHOW YOUR CRE-
DENTIALS MAN.
THERE'S BEEN A
MURDER HERE AND
EVERY ONE IS A
SUSPECT.

YOU ARE COSMO,
THE FAMOUS DE-
TECTIVE?
WHY MAN, YOU ARE
CERTAINLY WEL-
COME TO SILVER BAR
RANCH. PERHAPS
YOU WILL AID US?

YES, BUT TELL
ME WHAT IS
WRONG.

SHERIFF HARVEY HAS BEEN
JAILED FOR A CRIME I AM
SURE HE HAS NOT COMMITTED.
BUT THE ANGRY CROWD BE-
LIEVING DIFFERENT,
IS BENT ON
LYNCHING
HIM

HM-HM

HARVEY WAS SOON TO
WED THE CHARMING GIRL,
BELLE MAY. TWO WEEKS
AGO SHE BROKE THEIR
ENGAGEMENT, NO ONE
KNOWS
WHY.

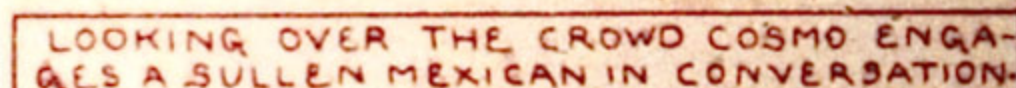
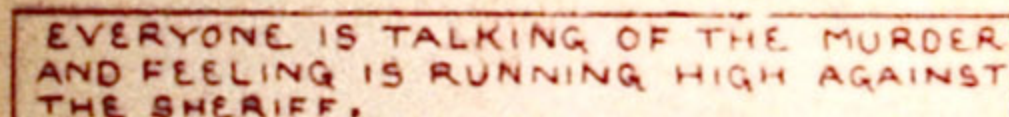
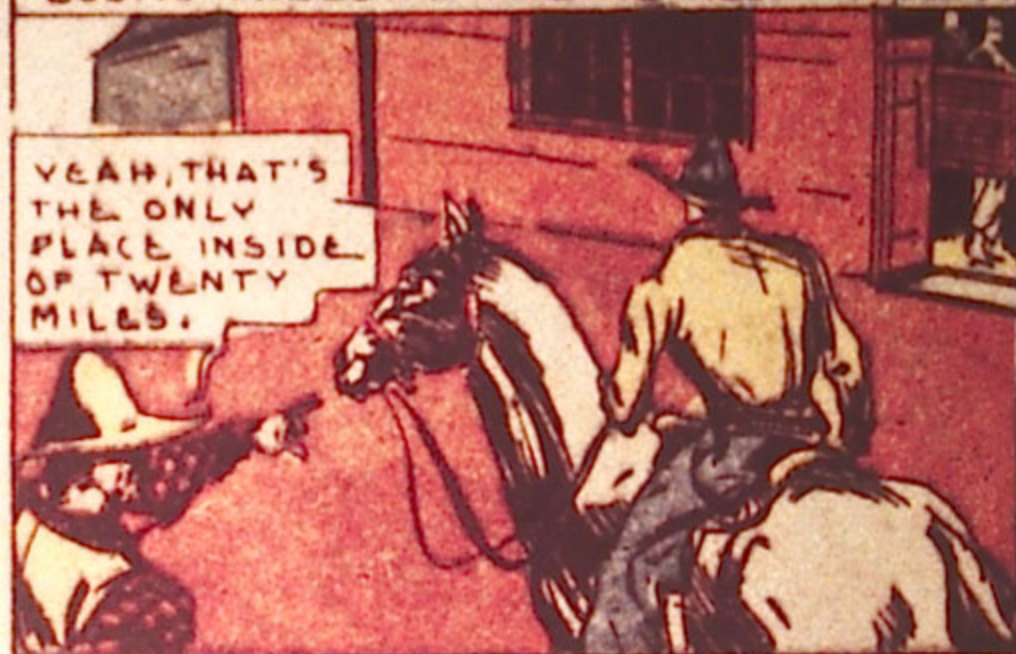
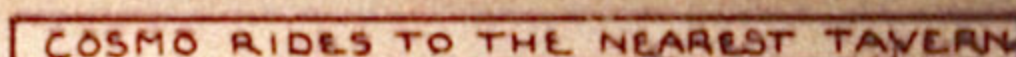
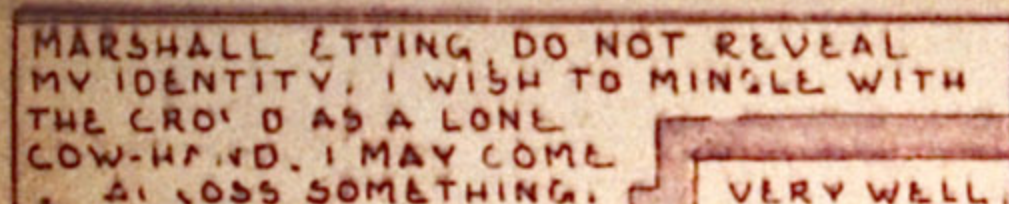
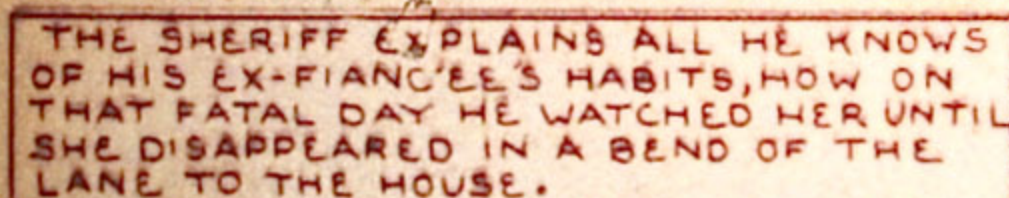
HOW DID
HARVEY
TAKE IT?

VERY BADLY, LAST WEEK, MEETING HER
ON THE STREET HE DROVE HER HOME.
AT THE LANE LEADING
TO THE HOUSE SHE LEFT
HIS CAR. THIS IS HIS
VERSION - SHE WAS
NEVER SEEN ALIVE
AGAIN.

I SEE, THEY
ARE ACCUSING
HIM ON CIRCUM-
STANTIAL EVI-
DENCE.

YES. HER BODY
WAS FOUND LATER
BURNED ALMOST
BEYOND RECOG-
NITION.

I'D LIKE TO
SPEAK TO THE
SHERIFF NOW,
IF I MAY.



COSMO TREATS THE MAN AGAIN AND AGAIN, AT LAST HE BABBLES SOMETHING INCOHERENTLY.



CATCHING A WORD OR TWO COSMO ACTS ON AN IMPULSE.

YOU KILLED HER! COME ACROSS WITH THE TRUTH BEFORE I CRUSH THE LIFE OUT OF YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS

NO, NO, NOBODY SAW ME! OH, LET GO. I DID, YES, YES.



OH, SO YOU DID DO IT! WHY?

I-I LOVE HER, SHE LAUGH AT ME. I-I GET MAD AND CHOKE HER. SHE DIE. I BURN HER SO NOBODY WILL KNOW.



HIS LAST RESERVE BREAKS, LAUGHING DEMENTEDLY THE MEX DRAWS A KNIFE AND MAKES LUNGE AT COSMO.



AFTER A SHARP FIGHT, COSMO AND THE BARKEEPER SUBDUDE THE RAVING LUNATIC AND LOCK HIM IN A ROOM.



DASHING BACK TO THE RANCH COSMO FINDS THE YARD DESERTED.



RUNNING UP STAIRS HE SEES THE COLORED COOK WEeping LOUDLY.



HERE, HERE, MARY, WHAT'S WRONG

OH, MISTAH, THEY DONE DRAG MASSAH HARVEY AWAY. THEY'S GWINE TO LYNCH HIM RIGHT NOW.



THE NEGRESS HURRIEDLY POINTS OUT THE DIRECTION.

QUICK WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

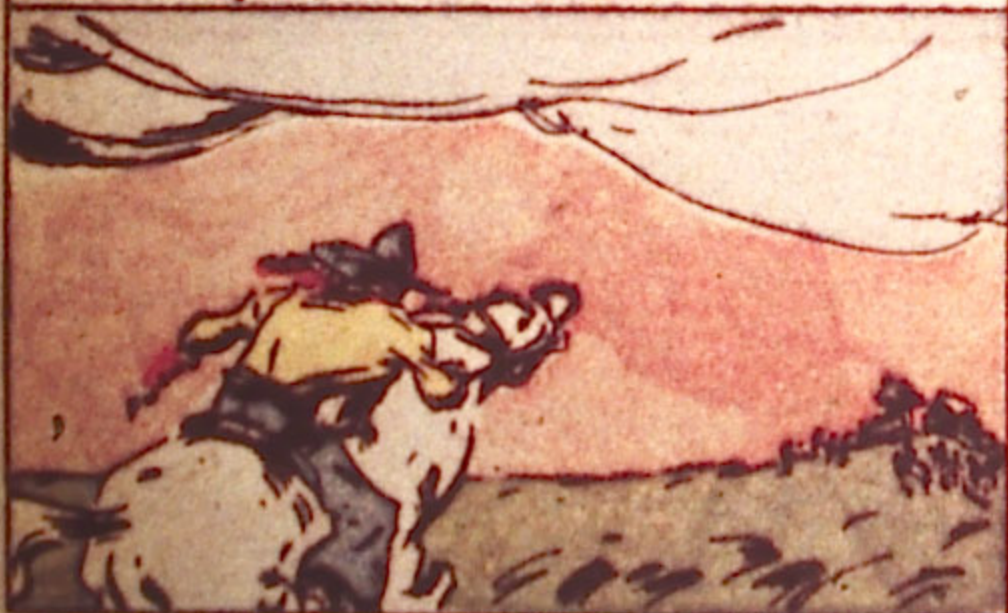


COSMO SPURS ON HIS ALREADY TIRED ANIMAL.

EQADI! WILL I MAKE IT?



IN THE DISTANCE HE SEES THE MOB CLIMBING A LITTLE KNOLL.



THEY STOP AT A BIG OAK; A ROPE IS PLACED AROUND THE SHERIFF'S NECK. THE MOB IS IN A FRENZY.



A HORSE IS HITCHED TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS MAN FOR THIS IS YOUR LAST.



A LOUD REPORT BREAKS THE TENSE STILLNESS.

GIDDAP, TED!



THE ROPE SNAPS WHERE COSMO'S BULLET STRIKES.



COSMO DASHES UP.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, RELEASE THIS INNOCENT MAN.



THE CROWD GATHERS MENACINGLY AROUND COSMO.



COSMO QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE REAL MURDERER HAS CONFESSED AND IS BEING HELD IN THE TOWN TAVERN.



THE SHERIFF IS RELEASED. THE MARSHALL'S MEN ARREST THE LEADERS OF THE WOULD BE LYNCHERS.

WELL, JEM HAWKINS, SEEING AS HOW YOU CAN'T MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS THE LAW WILL HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU.



PROTESTING THE MEN ARE LED AWAY.



THE MEXICAN IS GIVEN A SPEEDY BUT FAIR TRIAL.



COSMO AND SHERIFF HARVEY LEAVE THE COURT HOUSE TOGETHER.

I BELIEVE I NEED A GOOD REST AFTER THESE LAST FEW EXCITING DAYS, COSMO.

GOOD, LET US EXPLORE YOUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY-SIDE TOGETHER.



WITH BAG AND DUFFLE THE TWO MEN RIDE OUT INTO THE OPEN COUNTRY.



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY AND BILL GRAHAM, A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER, ARE VISITING A DESERTED OLD CASTLE ON THE COAST OF MAINE WHEN THEY ARE CAPTURED BY THE KIDNAPPERS OF VERA SANDERS, WHO IS BEING HELD THERE — THE THREE MAKE A BREAK FOR FREEDOM, BUT ARE TRICKED BY A SECRET TRAP DOOR, WHICH THEY FALL THROUGH AND ARE AGAIN PRISONERS AT THE MERCY OF THE THREE KIDNAPPERS — — —

THE BOSS WHO PULLED THE LEVER TO THE TRAP, SPEAKS —

A FINE BUNCH OF PUNKS YOU BIRDS TURNED OUT TO BE! THEY ALMOST GOT AWAY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? TAKE A SLUG?

NAW—JUST A FLESH WOUND—



LISTEN, BOSS, THOSE GUYS ARE TOUGH! WE GOTTA GET RID OF 'EM!

WE WILL! BUT WE GOTTA GET THE GIRL OUT FIRST—



WHILE BELOW IN THE TRAP — —

BILL! VERA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



JUST SHAKEN UP A BIT, LARRY —

WHERE'S VERA?

I'M HERE, LARRY—CEE, I CAN'T SEE A THING—IT'S SO DARK — —



WHAT WILL THEY
DO TO US NOW ?

LOOK THE TRAP
IS OPENING

THEY'RE LETTING
A LADDER DOWN —

O.K. MISS SANDERS
YOU COME UP FIRST
AND DON'T YOU TWO
WISE GUYS TRY ANY-
THING FUNNY !
WE'VE GOT YOU
COVERED —

GO AHEAD
VERA — THERE'S
NO CHOICE —

ALL RIGHT,
LARRY —

COME ON, SISTER —
HAUL UP THAT
LADDER, AL — —

HEY ! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
ABOUT US !

HA — WAIT AND FIND
OUT — —

TAKE THE DAME
BACK UPSTAIRS
AND LOCK HER
IN — I'VE GOT A
LITTLE PARTY TO
PREPARE FOR OUR
FRIENDS BELOW —

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS !

COME ON, TOOTS — TOUCH
FOR YER BOY FRIENDS —

BILL, WE'VE GOT TO
FIND A WAY OUT
OF HERE - THAT
GIRL IS IN DANGER!

THE PLACE
LOOKS PRETTY
SOLID, LARRY -

BILL, I SMELL
GAS!

SO THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE IN FOR!

GET DOWN CLOSE
TO THE FLOOR
THE AIR'S BETTER -

LOOK, LARRY THIS
BOARD FEELS
LOOSE!

WORK FAST, WE MAY
BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT!

THIS END'S
LOOSE! COME
ON YOU - - -

SHE'S LOOSE
OH! LARRY -
I'M GOING
TO FAINT -

NOT YET, OLD MAN
GET THRU THAT
OPENING -

MY FEET DON'T
TOUCH BOTTOM
I HEAR WATER
BENEATH ME!
OH -

GOSH! HE LOST HIS
GRIP!

BILL, ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

YES, LARRY -
LET GO AND
PREPARE FOR
A BATH -

BOY THIS
WATER'S COLD
WHERE DOES
IT GO TO?

MUST BE AN UNDER-
GROUND STREAM - LET'S
HOPE WE CAN GET OUT -

BILL, THE CURRENT'S
GETTING SWIFTER!

SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE
APPROACHING A
WATERFALL!



BILL, GRAB FOR THE
BANK - WE'LL BE
SWEEPED OVER THE
FALLS - -

I CAN'T, LARRY - SAVE
YOURSELF - - -



BUT JUST AS THEY REACH THE BRINK LARRY
HOOKS HIS ARM AROUND AN OVERHANGING
BRANCH AND GRABS BILL'S COATTAIL - -



BATTLING THE CURRENT, LARRY DRAGS BILL
BACK TO A POSITION WHERE HE CAN GAIN A
HOLD ON THE BRANCH - -



BILL FIRST, LARRY NEXT, THEY CLIMB TO A
PLACE OF SAFETY -



BILL I'M GOING
IN AGAIN AND
SEE WHAT I
CAN DO - YOU
GET TO THE
HIGHWAY AND
BRING HELP -

O.K. BOY, HERE'S
LUCK!



BILL STARTS OUT THRU THE WOODS TO THE
MAIN HIGHWAY -



THIS CALLS FOR
STRATEGY - I WISH
I HAD MY GUN -



THERE THEY
ARE - IF I
CAN ONLY
REACH THE
BALCONY -



QUICK! GET TO TOWN
AND BRING THE POLICE!
KIDNAPPERS - THEY'RE
HOLDING A GIRL !!

O.K. MISTER - -
WATCH MY SMOKE -



LARRY POISES ON THE RAILING OF THE
BALCONY - - -



HE JUMPS AND CATCHES A HUGE CHANDEL-
IER - - -



SWINGS AND LANDS IN THE MIDST OF THE
THREE CROOKS -



TWO ARE BOWLED OVER, ONE COMPLETELY OUT-
LARRY SPRINGS ON THE BOSS WHO IS DRAWING
HIS GUN — —



HE WRENCHES AWAY THE GUN AND BLAMS
HIM ONE IN THE JAW — —



ONE CROOK ON THE FLOOR FIRES AND THE
BOSS TAKES THE BULLET INTENDED FOR LARRY —



LARRY DROPS THE CROOK WITH THE BOSS'
GUN - AT THAT MOMENT A COMMOTION IS
HEARD OUTSIDE —



-AND IN COMES BILL WITH THE POLICE, GUNS
BLAZING AS THEY COME — — —



THEY'RE WOUNDED,
BUT THEY'LL LIVE
TO SERVE A RAP
FOR KIDNAPPING —

I'LL GO AND RELEASE
THE GIRL — —



LARRY SHOOTS THE LOCK AWAY AND FREES
VERA —

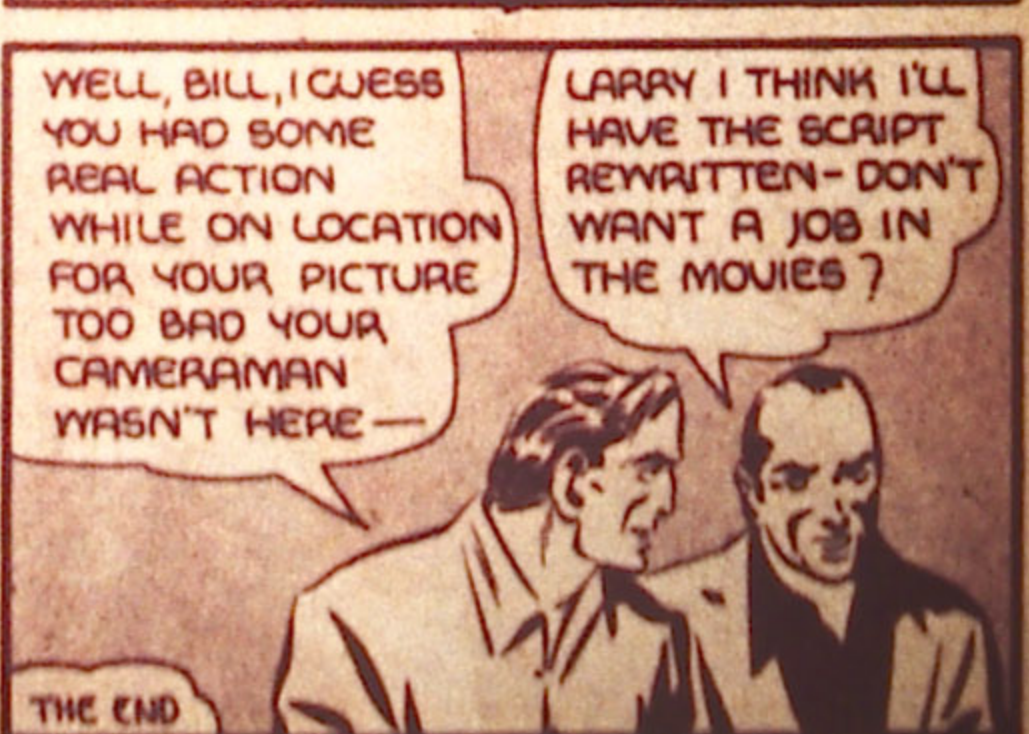
LARRY, I WAS
AFRAID THEY'D
KILLED YOU!

OH NO-COME ON-
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TESTIFY AGAINST
THESE KILLERS —



WELL, BILL, I GUESS
YOU HAD SOME
REAL ACTION
WHILE ON LOCATION
FOR YOUR PICTURE
TOO BAD YOUR
CAMERAMAN
WASN'T HERE —

LARRY I THINK I'LL
HAVE THE SCRIPT
REWRITTEN - DON'T
WANT A JOB IN
THE MOVIES?

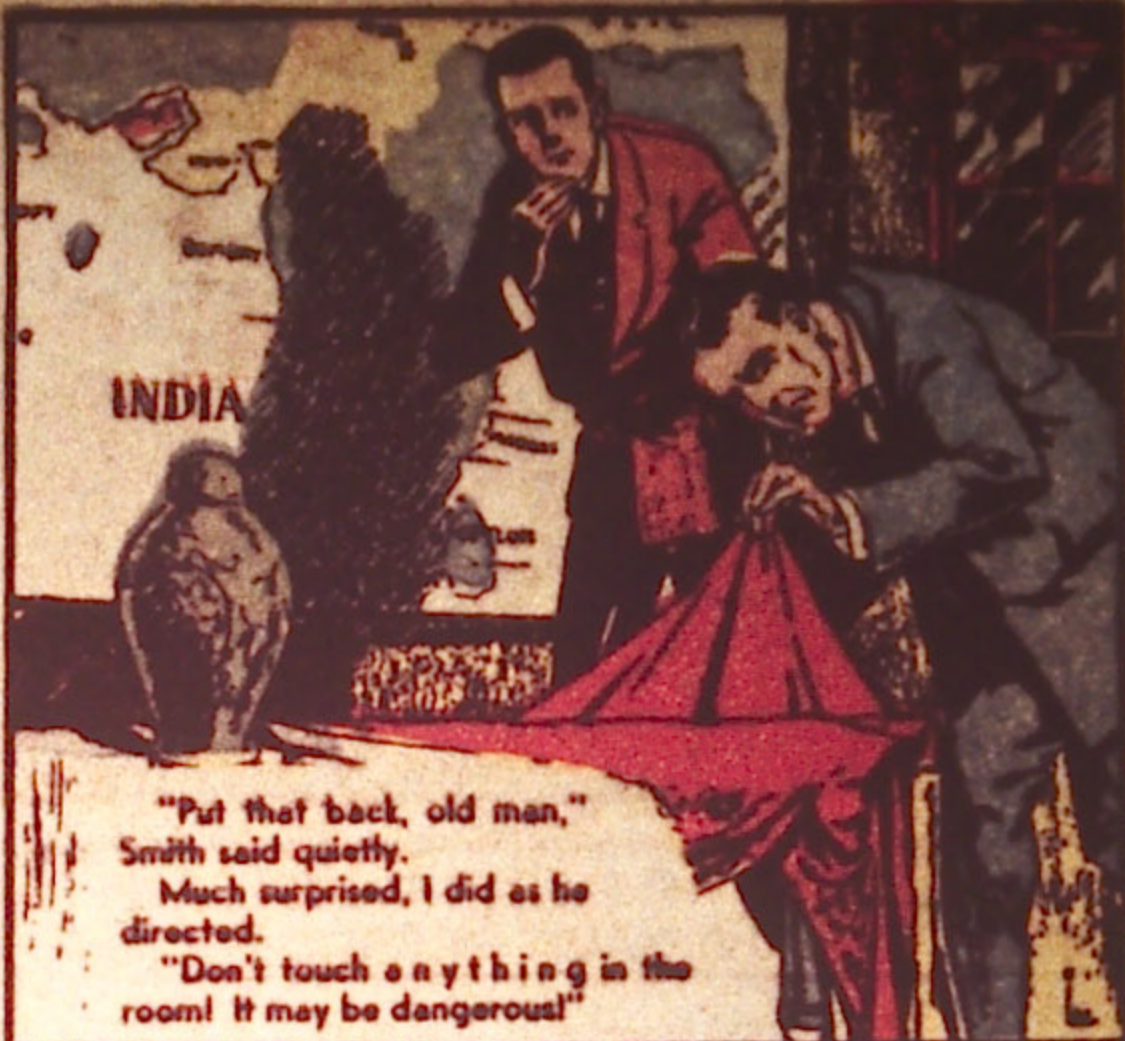


THE END

The adventurous story
of that sinister character
of the Orient . .

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author
SAX ROHMER



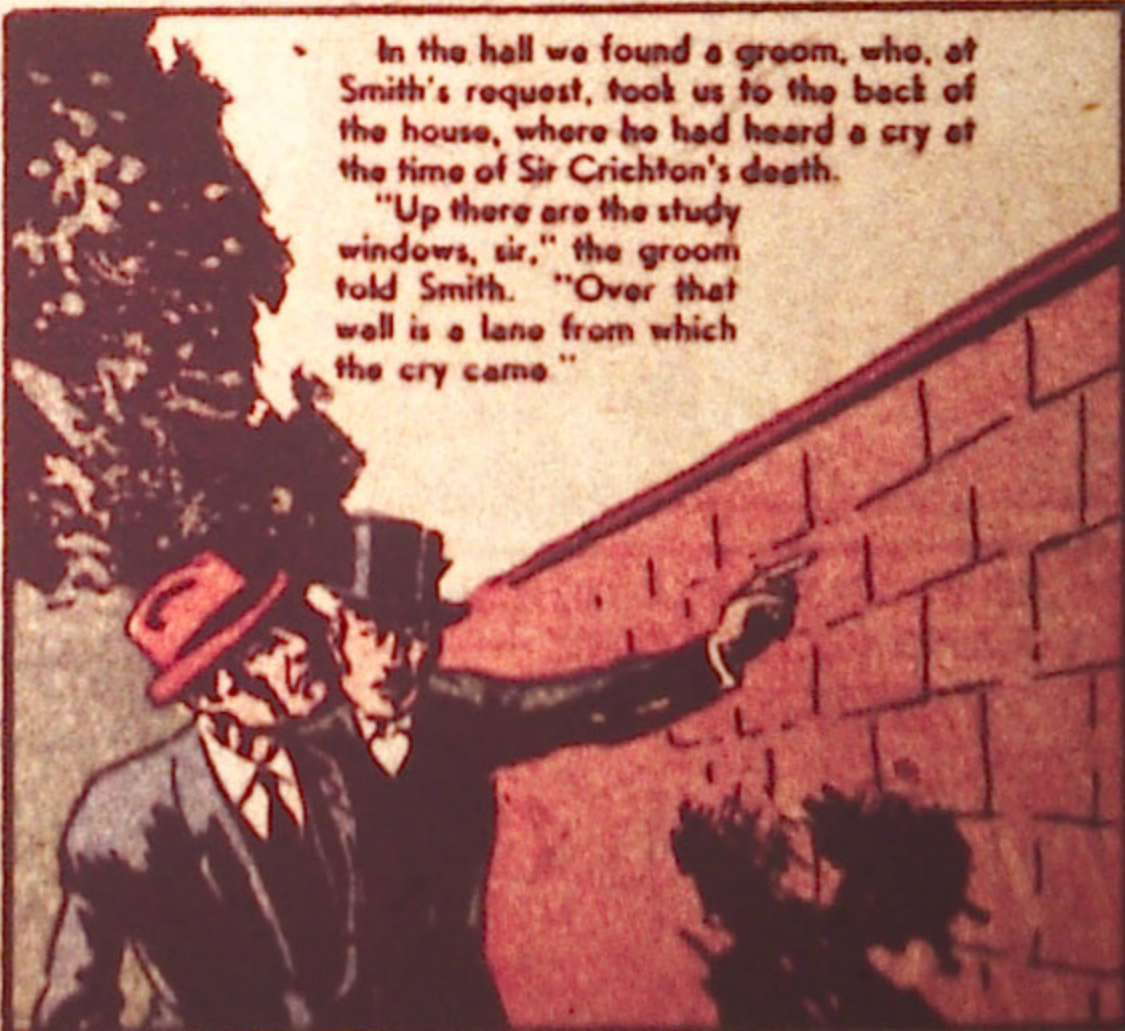
"Put that back, old man,"
Smith said quietly.

Much surprised, I did as he
directed.

"Don't touch anything in the
room! It may be dangerous!"



Nayland Smith
continued his
careful search of
the study in which
Fu Manchu had
caused the strange and
dreadful death of Sir Crichton
Davey. Smith was grim
and wary as he looked in table
drawers, back of the books,
everywhere—like a man ex-
pecting at any moment to
find something deadly. But
the hunt proved vain.



In the hall we found a groom, who, at
Smith's request, took us to the back of
the house, where he had heard a cry at
the time of Sir Crichton's death.

"Up there are the study
windows, sir," the groom
told Smith. "Over that
well is a lane from which
the cry came."

"What was the cry like?" Smith asked, tensely.
"A sort of wail, sir," the frightened groom whispered.
"I never heard anything like it before and I never want to
again."

"Was it like this?" inquired Smith and uttered a low,
wailing cry that made the flesh creep.



The groom shud-
dered at the eerie sound and so did I.

"It was the same cry, sir, but louder," the man
said. "It came a moment after I saw Sir Crichton's
shadow on the blind. He was writing
at his table then he suddenly leaped up."

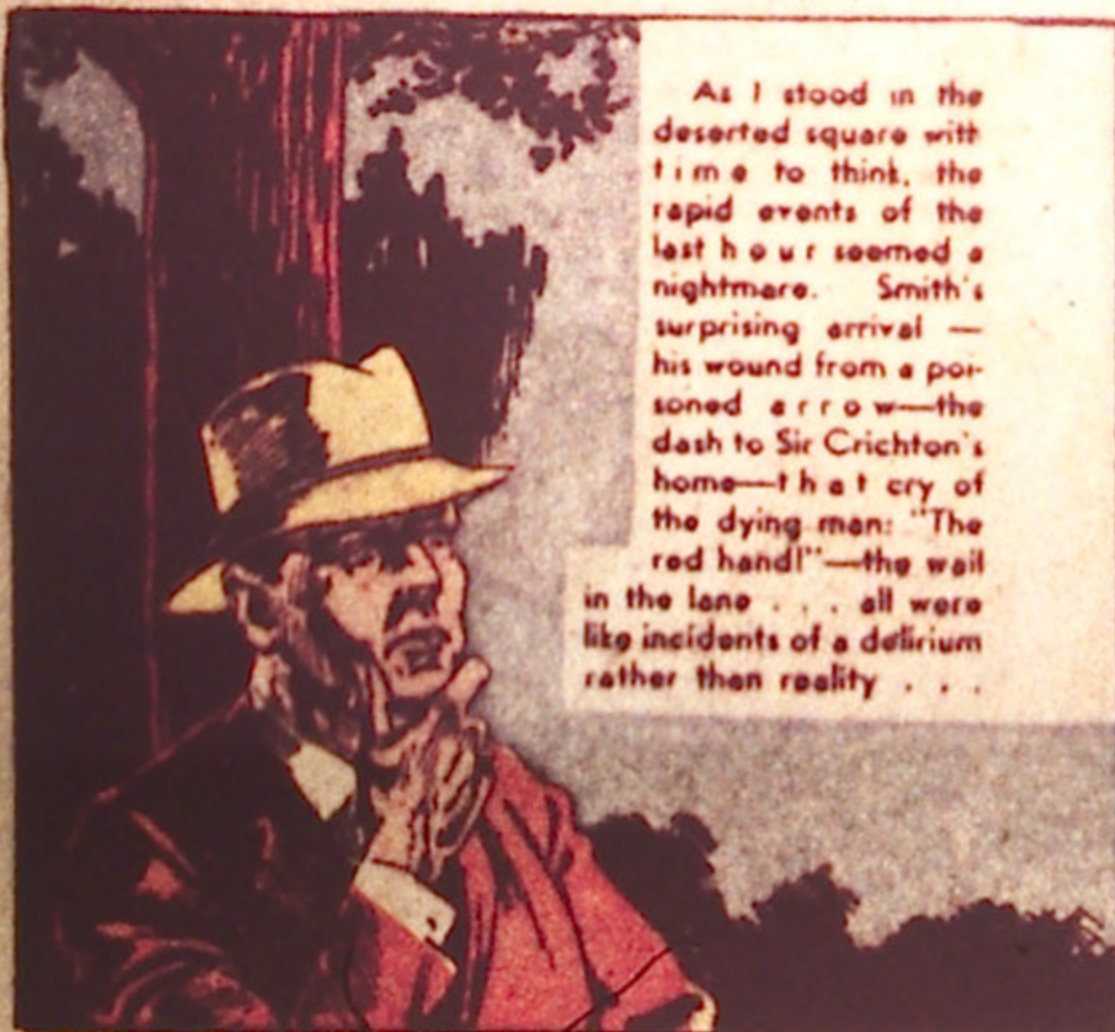
Nayland Smith pointed to the house next door. "Those stairs lead from the kitchen to the servants' quarters, I presume," he said to the groom. "I am going to visit your neighbors." We went around to the front door in the square.



"I thought I had the start on Fu Manchu, but he is here before me," Smith said. "What is worse, his people have told him by now that I am here, too. Lounge up and down outside, Petrie. Keep your eyes open. Be on your guard!" A white-faced butler admitted him to the house.



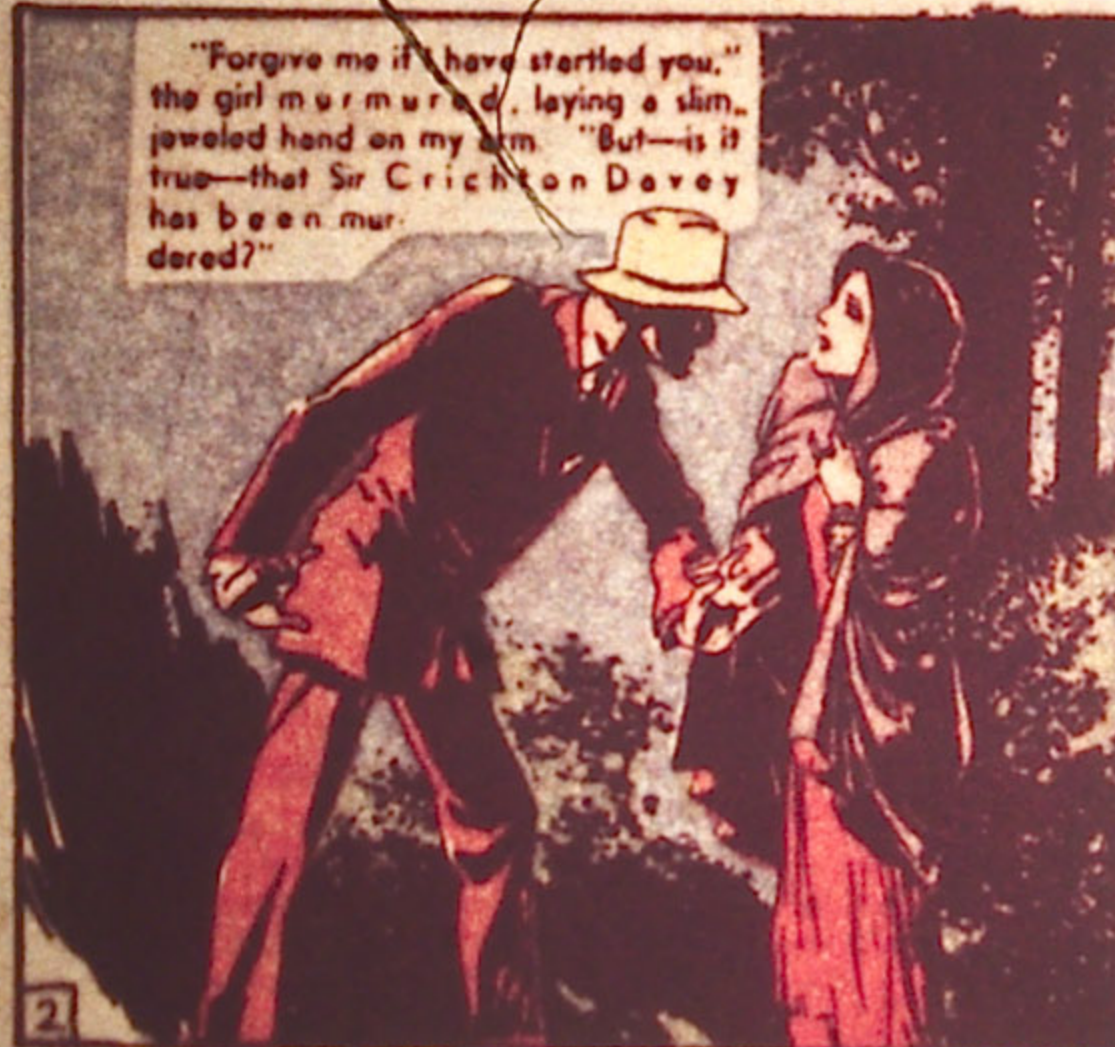
As I stood in the deserted square with time to think, the rapid events of the last hour seemed a nightmare. Smith's surprising arrival—his wound from a poisoned arrow—the dash to Sir Crichton's home—that cry of the dying man: "The red hand!"—the wail in the lane . . . all were like incidents of a delirium rather than reality . . .



Something touched me lightly on the shoulder. I turned, with my heart fluttering like a child's. The night's strange events had imposed a severe strain even upon my calloused doctor's nerves. . . . A girl wrapped in a hooded opera cloak stood at my elbow . . .



"Forgive me if I have startled you," the girl murmured, laying a slim, jeweled hand on my arm. "But—is it true—that Sir Crichton Davey has been murdered?"



I thought I had never seen a face so seductively lovely, nor one of so unusual a type. With the skin of a perfect blonde, she had eyes and lashes black as a creole's. As I looked into her big, questioning eyes a harsh suspicion seized me, a grotesque idea—were the bloom of her lips due to art, their kiss would leave just such a mark as I had seen upon the dead man's hand!



But I dismissed the fantastic notion about the beautiful stranger as a fancy bred of the night's horrors. No doubt she was some friend or acquaintance of Sir Crichton Davey's. Acting on that idea, I sought to tell her what she asked as gently as I could.

"I cannot say he has been murdered," I told her, "but he is . . ."



"Dead?" she exclaimed huskily. I nodded. . . . The girl closed her eyes, and uttered a low moan, swaying dizzily . . .



A-10

The lovely girl smiled sadly from her slightly slanting, Oriental eyes, and pushed me gently away, when I threw my arm about her shoulders to support her, thinking she was about to faint.

"I am quite well, thank you," she said in a low melodious voice.

"You are certain?" I asked her. "Let me walk with you until you feel quite sure of yourself."

She shook her head, flashed a glance at me with her beautiful eyes, and looked away in a sort of sorrowful embarrassment. I was at a loss to account for her strange glance and demeanor—though I felt myself oddly thrilled.



Quickly she spoke again:

"I cannot let my name be mentioned in this dreadful matter, but—I think I have some information—for the police . . ."

She fumbled within the folds of her cloak.

"Will you give this to—whomever you think proper?"

The girl handed me a large sealed envelope . . .



As I stood mystified, the girl challenged my eyes with one of her dazzling glances . . . The next instant she had hurried away.



The girl had covered no more than ten or twelve yards when she turned abruptly and came running back. Without looking directly at me, but glancing alternately toward a far corner of the square and toward the house into which Nayland Smith had gone, she made an extraordinary request.



"If you would do me a very great personal service, for which I always would be grateful," she murmured haltingly, "when you have given my message to the proper person, leave him, and do not go near him any more tonight!" She gazed straight into my eyes with passionate intentness . . .



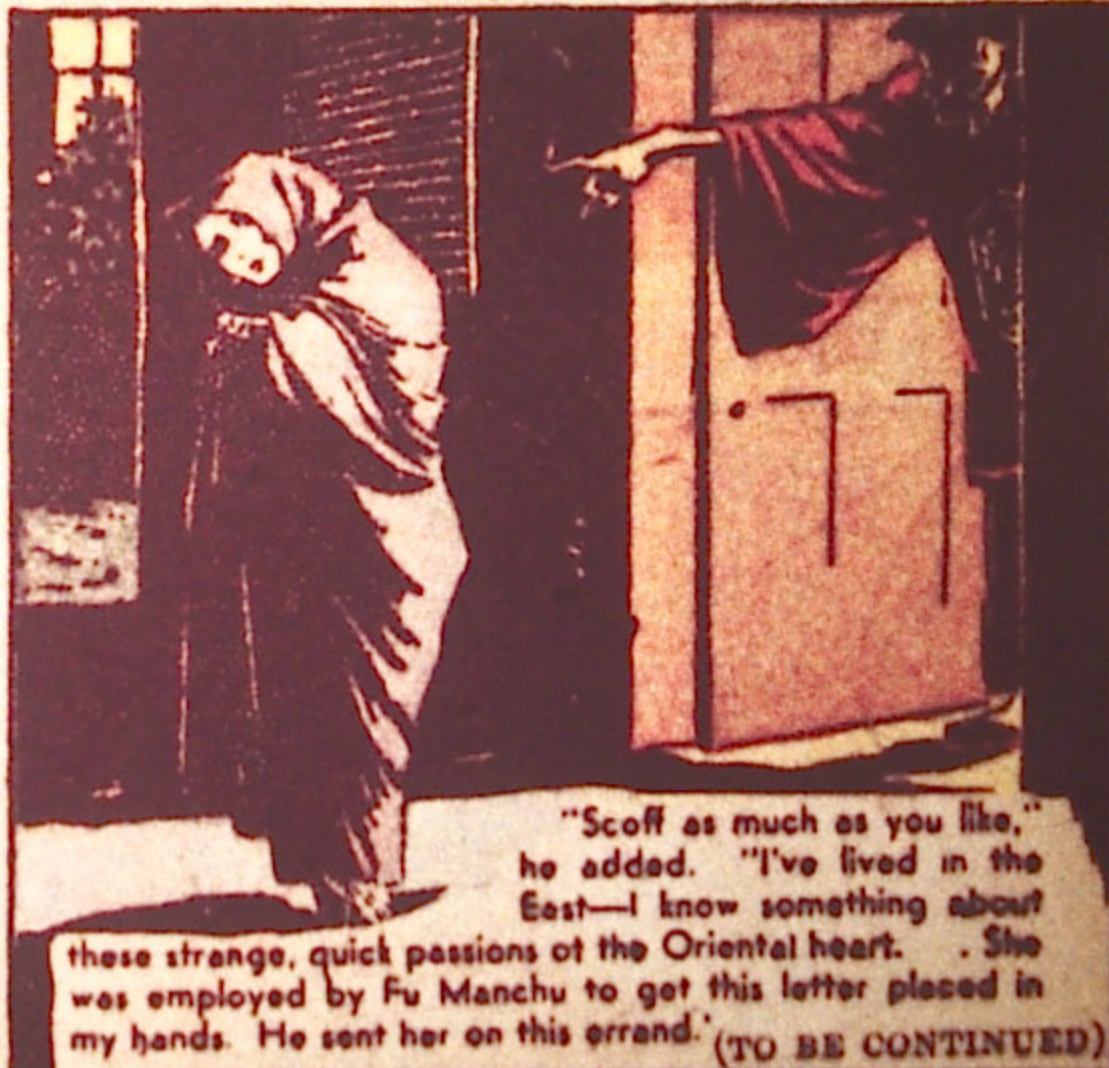
Then she gathered up her cloak and fled, just as Nayland Smith ran down the steps. Before I could determine whether to follow her I heard the whir of a restarted motor at no great distance. The girl's words had again aroused all my worst suspicions—



"She was a big card to play," Smith said, as he rejoined me. "What! You know this girl? Who is she?" "One of Fu Manchu's finest weapons!"



"But a woman is a two-edged sword, Petrie, and treacherous," Smith said to me. "To our great good-fortune she has formed a sudden attachment for yourself. That's the way with these Oriental women." He grinned. "And after all, Petrie, you are a handsome devil. . . ."



"Scoff as much as you like," he added. "I've lived in the East—I know something about these strange, quick passions of the Oriental heart. . . . She was employed by Fu Manchu to get this letter placed in my hands. He sent her on this errand." (TO BE CONTINUED)

SPY

SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER

"DEATH'S RUBY"



NOT HAVING BEEN GIVEN AN ASSIGNMENT IN WEEKS, SALLY AND BART TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEND A NUMBER OF THEATRES AND PARTIES. — SENSING AN UNUSUAL TENDERNESS IN BART'S MANNER, SALLY IS READY FOR ANYTHING!



YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME -- ?

SALLY, I'M TIRED OF CHASING SPIES! I WANT TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE



LET'S YOU AND I --

YES -- ?



SALLY'S FOOT CEASES TAPPING — IS BART FINALLY GOING TO PROPOSE?



I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT! HE'S GOING TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM! — AND BOY! WILL I SAY "YES" QUICK!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT THE BUTLER INTERRUPTS.

BEG PARDON, SIR. YOU'RE WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE.

EXCUSE ME, SALLY!

HURRY BACK!

L
A
T
E
R

SORRY, SALLY! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE — JUST GOT AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FROM THE CHIEF!

BUT YOU SAID--!

SALLY MORRIS! — WHY SO GLOOMY?

MY BOY FRIEND JUST LEFT THE PARTY

IS THAT ALL?

JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO PROPOSE, HE HAD TO LEAVE!

'OH!

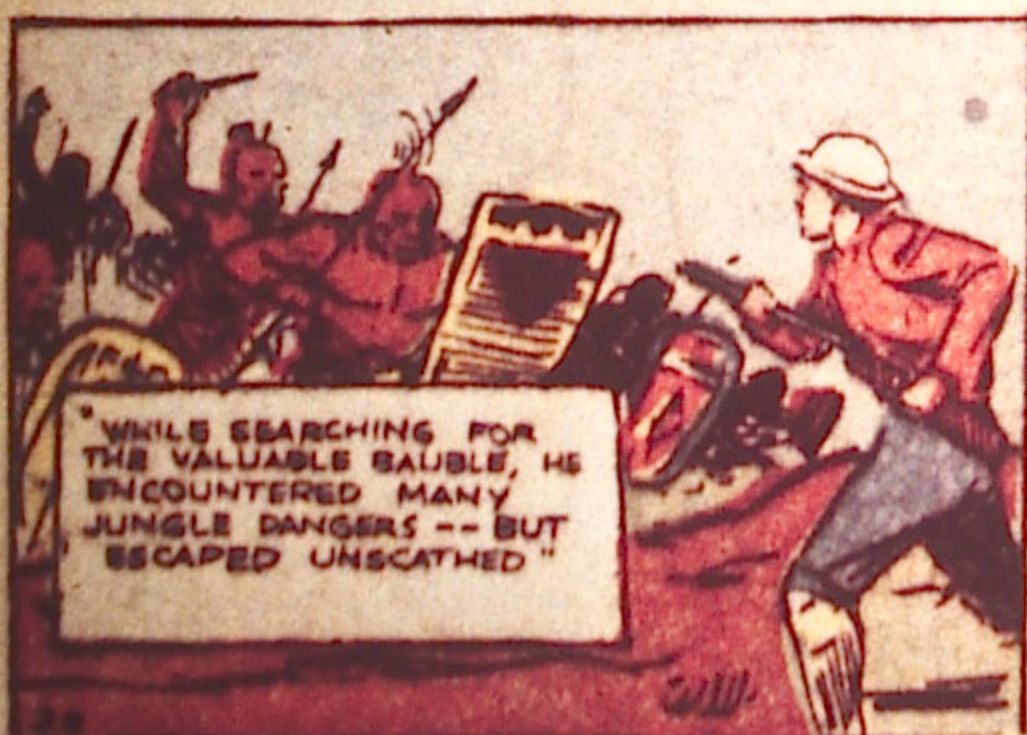
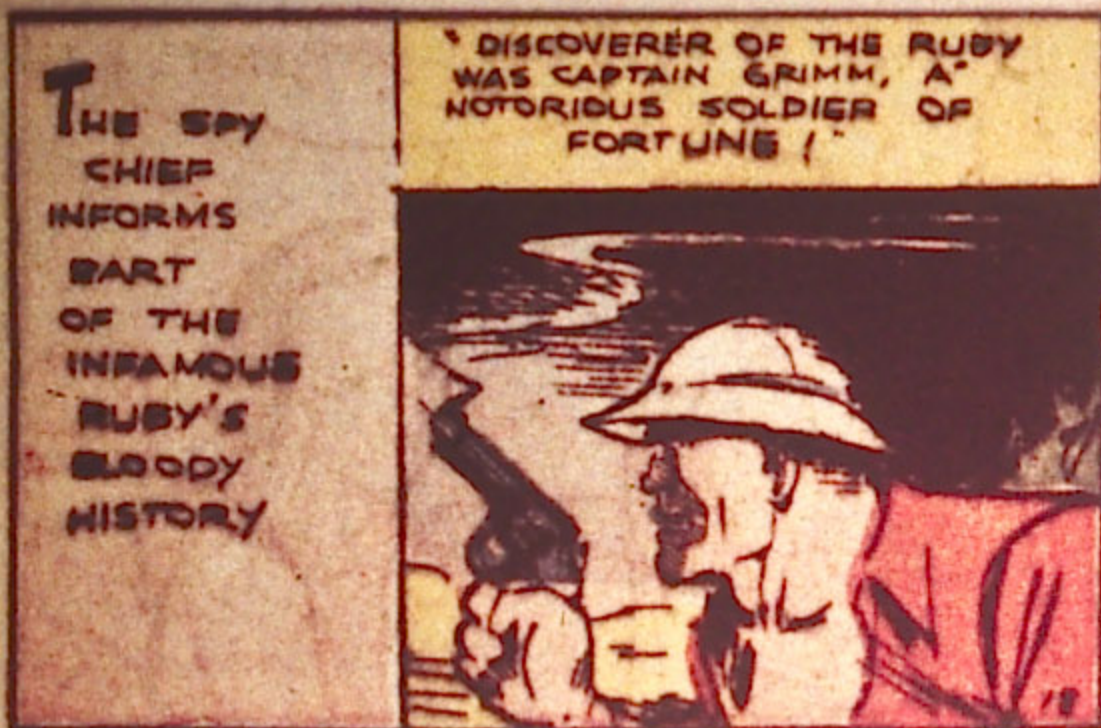
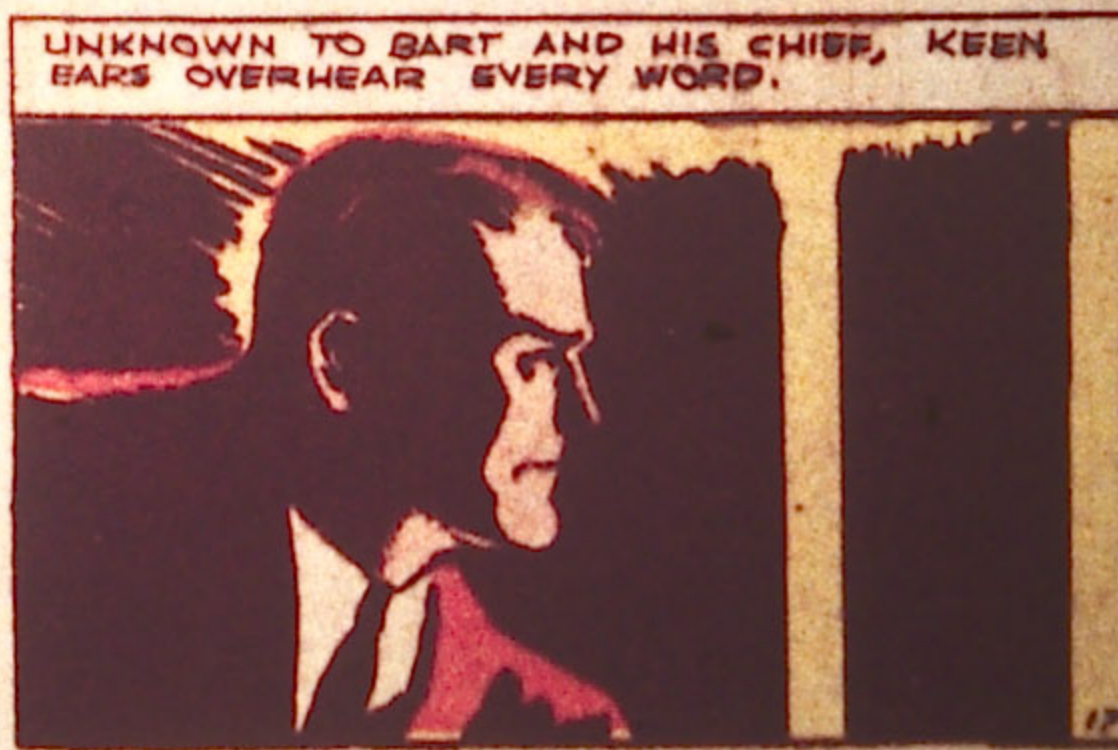
IT'S ALWAYS THAT WAY!

WHY DON'T YOU USE SOME AGGRESSIVE TACTICS?

AGGRESSIVE? — I'VE DONE EVERYTHING BUT PROPOSE MYSELF.

THAT'S IT! — PERHAPS HE'S BASHFUL! WHY DON'T YOU POP THE QUESTION?

BY GOLLY! — THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO!



"GRIMM RETURNED TO CIVILIZATION WITH HIS LOOT, BUT SHORTLY LATER WAS FOUND — MURDERED —!"



"THE RUBY WAS THEN PURCHASED BY MAHARAJA KAHOUN."



"WHILE SAILING TO AMERICA, THE MAHARAJA WAS ROBBED OF HIS RUBY..."



THE MAHARAJA HAS ANNOUNCED HE WILL SIGN AN IMPORTANT PEACE TREATY WITH WHATEVER COUNTRY WHOSE AGENTS SUCCEED IN RECOVERING THE RUBY FOR HIM. — YOU'LL REPRESENT THE U.S.!

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



EAVESDROPPING, EH?



PURSuing THE SPY, BART COLLIDES WITH SALLY

JUST THE PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR!

WHAT A TIME TO DO SO!



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU!

ASK ME LATER!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER --

I DON'T WANT TO MEET THE MAHARAJA! I WANT YOU TO MAR —

SH-H! HERE HE COMES!





SALLY AND BART TAKE UP POSITIONS OUTSIDE THE MAHARAJA'S HOTEL. HOURS PASS . . .

WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR?

NOT AT ALL. — LOOK THERE'S OUR MAN!



EMERGING FROM THE HOTEL, CLAD IN ORDINARY STREET-CLOTHES, IS AKMET!

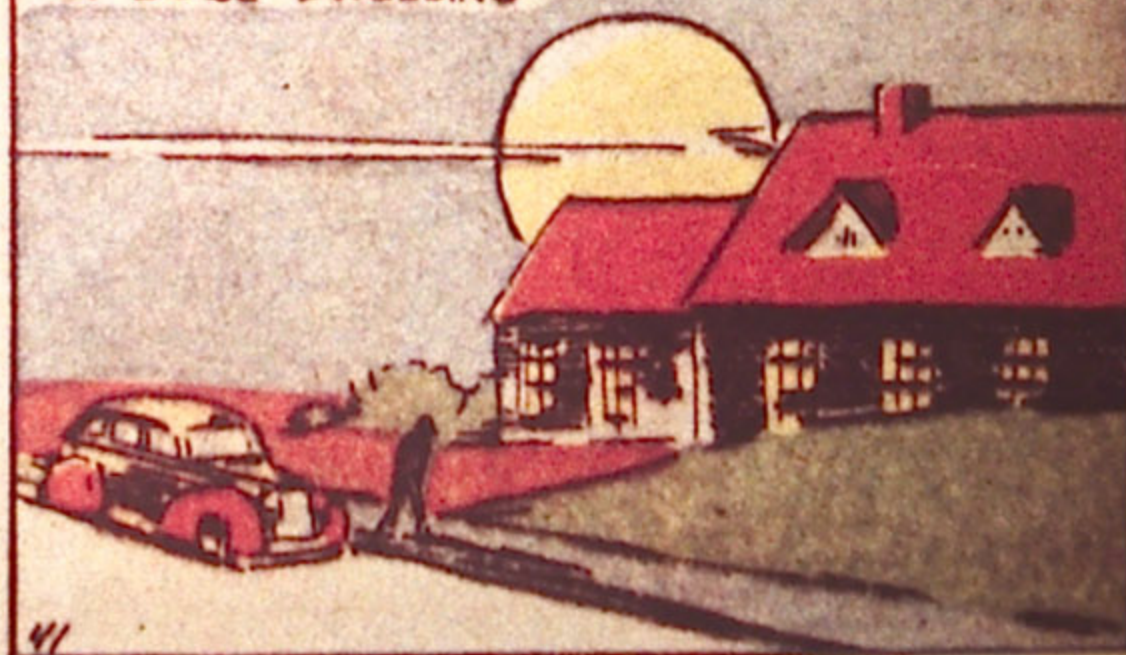
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FOLLOW THAT TAXI!



LATER—AKMET LEAVES HIS TAXI AND ENTERS A LARGE DWELLING!



NOW WHAT?

NOW WE GO IN FOR A LITTLE AMATEUR HOUSEBREAKING!



DON'T "SH-H" SO LOUD!

SH-H!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN! SOMEONE'S ENTERING THE ROOM!



W-HO IS IT?

AKMET AND A STRANGER. HERE'S WHERE WE GET AN EARFUL!



WHAT SALLY AND BART OVERHEAR:

YOU HAVE THE JEWEL
WITH YOU?

YES.— HERE
IT IS!

AH — WHAT A BEAUTY
IT IS -- IT IS WELL WORTH
THE PRICE YOU DEMAND.

I'M TAKING A GREAT RISK
IN SELLING IT TO YOU —
IF MAHARAJA KAHOUN
LEARNED OF MY TREACHERY,
MY LIFE WOULD BE
FORFEIT!

YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR. NO ONE
WILL EVER KNOW!

SPIES OF VARIOUS
NATIONS ARE ON THE
RUBY'S TRAIL. —
THEY ARE DANGEROUS
OPPONENTS.

KEEP YOUR HANDS
RAISED!

AND KEEP
'EM UP!

THE AMERICAN
SPIES!

TOO BAD YOUR POISON
DART MISSED US, AKMET,
FOR WE'VE GOT YOU
RED-HANDED!

WELL, SALLY, NOW THAT
WE'VE GOT THE RUBY
-- WASN'T THERE
SOMETHING YOU
WANTED TO
ASK ME?

YES — BART,
DEAR, WILL YOU
MAR —

DROP THOSE
GUNS!

THE EAVESDROPPER
AT HEADQUARTERS!

THANKS FOR TRACK-
ING DOWN THE RUBY
FOR ME. — I'LL
TAKE IT, PLEASE!

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE,
THIS MEANS MY COUNTRY
GETS THE TREATY!

LOOK
OUT!

THE ENEMY SPY GOES DOWN, BEFORE A
KNIFE THROWN BY AKMET!

BART COVERS AKMET!

YOUR RAP WILL
NOW BE NOT ONLY
FOR ROBBERY, BUT
FOR MURDER!

GET ME THE
POLICE!

I SHALL KEEP MY WORD.
— SINCE YOU RETURNED
THE RUBY, I SHALL
SIGN WITH THE U.S.

THAT'S ALL
WE WANT
TO HEAR!

LATER

DON'T YOU THINK, SALLY,
THAT IT'S TIME WE
MARRIED? — NOW
WHAT DID YOU
WANT TO
SAY?

JUST ONE
WORD:
YES!

THE END

MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES FEATURING
SALLY AND BART AWAIT YOU

Don't
miss 'em
in --

SPY



TO BE FOUND ONLY IN
DETECTIVE COMICS!

THE GOLDEN KEY

By

PAUL DEAN



THE phone at Tom Lawton's elbow rang loudly and with a groan of annoyance, the detective threw down the sporting page of the daily newspaper and lifted the receiver.

"Is this the Detective Bureau of the Police Department?" a man's voice inquired.

"That's correct," Lawton replied.

"I'm rather unfamiliar with regulations and things of that sort," the man on the wire stated, "but I wish to report a robbery. This is a Mr. Henry Burroughs speaking!"

"Henry Burroughs, the financier?" asked Lawton.

"I am in the banking business," Burroughs replied. "You may have read that a hobby of mine is art collecting and that is the reason for my calling. One of my valuable paintings has been stolen."

"I'll be over immediately, sir. This is Detective Lawton speaking."

Twenty minutes later Lawton alighted from a cab and pressed the doorbell of the Burroughs' mansion. A stiff faced butler admitted him and escorted him to the library. Henry Burroughs, stout and florid, sat behind a large oak desk in a corner of the spacious room; he arose immediately and extended his hand in greeting to the detective.

"Detective Lawton, I presume?" the millionaire said.

"That's right, Mr. Burroughs," smiled Lawton. "And now what seems to be the trouble?"

"First come with me and I will show you the result of the thief's work," suggested Burroughs, "and then I'll explain everything I know pertaining to this rather mystifying incident."

The financier led the way down a long corridor to a vast room at the far end. Paintings and various works of art of many sizes and descriptions filled the walls and interior. Across the room was an entrance opening into another but somewhat smaller gallery.

"This is the hobby I spoke about," Burroughs said. "It's expensive but it affords me a great deal of pleasure."

"It looks like a duplicate of a museum," replied Lawton admiringly.

The millionaire walked over to the wall on the right and pointed with his finger. "And there, Mr.

Lawton, is where the missing painting hung. The value of it is close to \$10,000 and the unfortunate thing is that it was one of the few pieces of art that I hadn't taken the precaution to insure."

The detective gazed at the empty frame. The thief had been most exacting and careful for it was obvious that the painting had been cut discreetly with some finely sharpened instrument.

"About when did this happen?" asked Lawton.

"Not more than three or four hours ago," Burroughs replied. "Early this afternoon I had a private showing of my collection for some twenty art fanciers and collectors. Only those were admitted who had the written invitations I mailed out several days ago, so logically it would seem that the thief must have been among those present."

"Wouldn't it have been rather difficult for the person to steal the painting with so many others in the room?" questioned the detective.

"Possibly. But I do recall that we spent a great deal of time in the smaller gallery and in all probability the thief took that opportunity to complete his task."

Lawton dusted the frame with fingerprint powder but the thief had been clever enough not to leave any telltale marks.

"I didn't think whoever took the painting would slip up that way, Mr. Lawton, but here's something I found soon after the party had left and immediately after I discovered my loss."



BURROUGHS dug in his pocket and produced a small key. He handed it over to Lawton who scrutinized it most carefully, turning it over several times in the palm of his hand.

"This key is made of gold!" the detective exclaimed. "However, there are no initials on it."

"I may be wrong but I believe whoever owns that key is, in some way, responsible for the theft of the painting," said Burroughs. "You see, I discovered the key dangling from a corner of the picture frame when I returned after my guests had departed."

"Then I would definitely say that the owner of the key is the man we want!" the detective answered.

They locked the gallery door behind them and walked back to the millionaire's library. Lawton requested a list of the persons who had attended the private showing.

"I suggest you send each of these men a note stating that you have found a valuable piece of jewelry evidently dropped when they attended your private display of paintings, and ask the owner to call for it tomorrow evening." Lawton lit a cigarette. "If I'm not mistaken we'll soon have our culprit and I'll bet a week's salary that he's red-headed!"

Burroughs was puzzled. "I don't recall any red-headed person being among those who were here today! You must be mistaken Mr. Lawton."

"We'll see!" said the detective, smiling.

The following evening Lawton called again at the Burrough's mansion. The millionaire was having coffee in the library, waiting for him.

"Any calls yet?" asked the detective.

"Not a one," replied Burroughs. "Perhaps our suspect has detected a trap."

At that moment the hall bell rang and presently the butler appeared in the doorway: "A Mr. Arnold Lansing is calling, sir."

"Show him in, Stephens," said Burroughs.

Arnold Lansing stepped across the threshold and into the room. He was thin, average height and

carried a thick and heavy-looking cane in his right hand; a faint, halting limp was obviously the reason for the stick.

Burroughs stepped to him and shook hands. "I'm happy to see you again, Mr. Lansing. Won't you sit down?"

The visitor accepted the invitation and sank into a lounge chair. "I became quite worried when I arrived home at my apartment last evening and discovered that my key was missing. I think more of it for sentimental reasons than for its actual value."

"I can appreciate that, Mr. Lansing," said Burroughs; then, as if remembering something, he added, "by the way, I don't believe

"Mr. Burroughs, permit me to introduce you to Arnold Lansing alias 'Scarlet' Sorenson, international and illegal collector of fine arts." Lawton picked up the handcuffed man's walking stick. "And here we see the very clever method Mr. Sorenson employed in taking the stolen painting from the building without being caught!"

The detective grasped the silver top of the cane and started unscrewing it. The knob finally came off, showing the interior of the stick to be hollow.

"Quite a novel thing," said Burroughs, "but tell me, Lawton, what made you say that the culprit was red-headed what made you so sure?"



I've introduced you to Mr. Lawton."

Lawton walked over to Lansing and the latter extended his hand. The detective reached out and swiftly snapped a pair of handcuffs on the other's wrists.

"W-what is the meaning of this of all the outrageous" Lansing spluttered and the color drained out of his face.

"Take it easy now," cautioned Lawton. He placed his hand on Lansing's head and pulled off a wig, revealing a crop of flaming red hair!

"That's very simple," replied Lawton. "Only last week we received a description of Sorenson from the London police, informing us that he had sailed for America. And then I remembered reading an article about him barely escaping the law over there in almost the selfsame way by dropping his gold key! However, this time he wasn't so fortunate and his key will probably be the one thing that will lock him in a cell for quite a long period of time!"

THE END

BRUCE NELSON

and the

COOLIE SMUGGLERS.

by
Tom Hickey

part II

NELSON BROUGHT THE PLANE TO A STOP OUT ON THE OPEN VELDT. IT WAS TO BE THE THIRD STRAIGHT NIGHT SPENT ON THE VELDT.



HE GATHERED SOME WOOD AND STARTED A FIRE WHILE LINGI, THE BIG ZULU, FADED INTO THE JUNGLE IN SEARCH OF SOME FOOD.



LINGI RETURNED IN HALF AN HOUR WITH A SMALL BUCK.



HE SHOOT NICE YOUNG BUCK. VERY GOOD! YUM-YUM!

NICE WORK BOY! MY FAVORITE DISH, - BUCK A LA LINGI. O.K. LET'S GET HIM CUT UP



AFTER THEY HAD EATEN, THEY SAT BESIDE THE SMOLDERING FIRE IN THOUGHTFUL SILENCE



~ FINALLY NELSON SPOKE ~

II CAN UNDERSTAND DEL RIO DOING A BIT OF COOLIE SMUGGLING, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE HIM DUMPING THOSE POOR GUYS THAT WAY. HE ISN'T THE TYPE. BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN DEL RIO. HE HAD A YELLOW BOURGET.



MAYBE IT WASN'T
DEL RIO.

NO ONE ELSE AROUND
HERE HAS A YELLOW BOURGET.
HAVE THEY? IT'S DEL RIO
ALL RIGHT. AND TAKE IT
FROM ME. I THINK HE'S
GOT US LICKED.

REMEMBER, ONE IS HUNGRIEST
JUST BEFORE EATING.

VERY TRUE, BUT GET
THIS. THEY KNOW WHERE
WE'RE LOCATED. BY TOMORROW,
OR NEXT DAY AT THE LATEST,
THEY'LL HAVE PLANES OUT
LOOKING FOR US.

I'M SURPRISED THEY HAVEN'T BEEN AFTER US ALREADY.
WE CAN'T GET ANYMORE GAS.
WE'VE GOT TO DO THE JOB
ON WHAT WE HAVE. THAT
MEANS WE MUST FIND
DEL RIO'S HANGOUT
BY TOMORROW. THE
NEXT DAY WON'T DO.

WE'VE COMBED THESE BLAMED HILLS AND VALLEYS COM-
PLETELY AND THERE'S NO TRACE OF HIM. UNLESS WE GET
LUCKY WE'LL BE DANGLING
FROM A ROPE BEFORE LONG.

FOR TWO HOURS THE NEXT MORNING NELSON AND UNGI
FLEW OVER THE JUNGLE ON THE PORTUGUESE SIDE OF
THE BORDER.

THEIR GAS WAS RUNNING LOW, AND THERE STILL WASN'T ANY
SIGN OF THE SMUGGLERS HIDEOUT.

NELSON GLANCED AT THE GAS GAUGE AGAIN. HIS JAW
SET IN GRIM LINES. A FEW MORE MINUTES AND HE'D HAVE
TO MAKE FOR OPEN TERRITORY AND LAND. THOROUGHLY
LICKED.

SUDDENLY A YELLOW BOURGET SHOT UP FROM THE
TREES AHEAD.

NELSON WAS SO STARTLED HE ALMOST LOST CONTROL OF HIS PLANE.

WHAT TH'! - I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! AIRPLANES DON'T TAKE OFF FROM TREE TOPS.



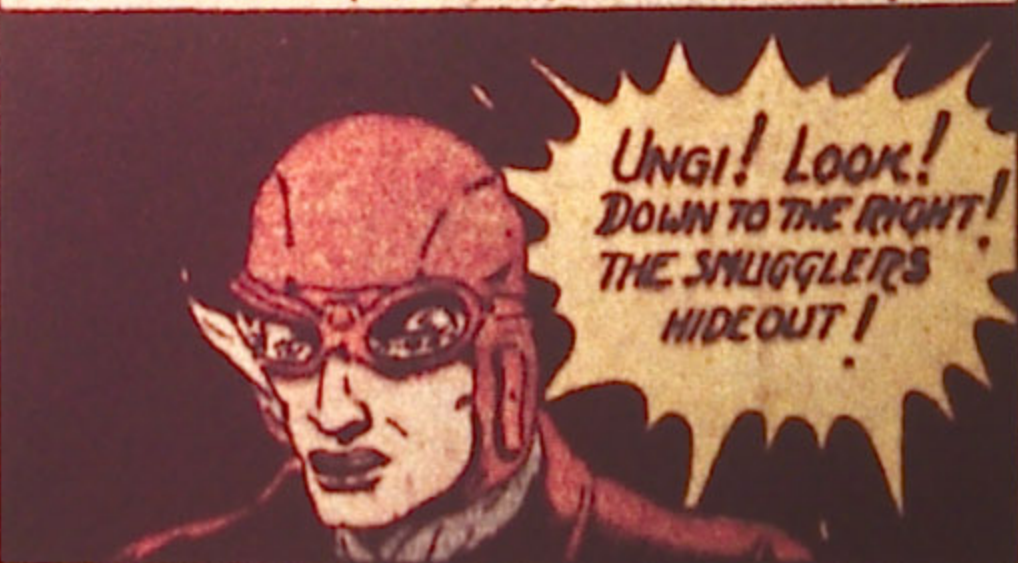
THE BOURGET SWUNG AROUND AND ROSE TOWARDS NELSON'S SHIP LIKE A RAGING HORNET.



NELSON PULLED HARD ON HIS STICK. THE SHIP CIRCLED WIDE.



SUDDENLY HE SPOTTED THE BOURGET'S HIDEOUT. A LONG NARROW RUNWAY HAD BEEN CLEARED AMONG THE TREES. UNLESS YOU FLEW DIRECTLY OVER IT YOU WOULD NEVER SEE IT.



AS HE FLASHED OVER THE RUNWAY HE HAD A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF A RED MONOPLANE PARKED AT ONE END. SEVERAL FIGURES DARTED INTO THE SHELTER OF TREES.



NELSON HAD NO TIME FOR FURTHER INSPECTION. THE BOURGET WAS TEARING AFTER HIM. NELSON DIVED AND THE YELLOW SHIP WAS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL SPRAYING BULLETS FROM A MOUNTED MACHINE GUN.



NELSON HALF-LOOPED, AND THE BOURGET TIPPED OVER HIM, THEN ZOOMED UP ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

NELSON ZOOMED UP AFTER THE DOUGGET, BUT ROLLED CLEAR AS THE YELLOW SHIP LOOPED AND ROARED DOWN, SPURTING LEAD.



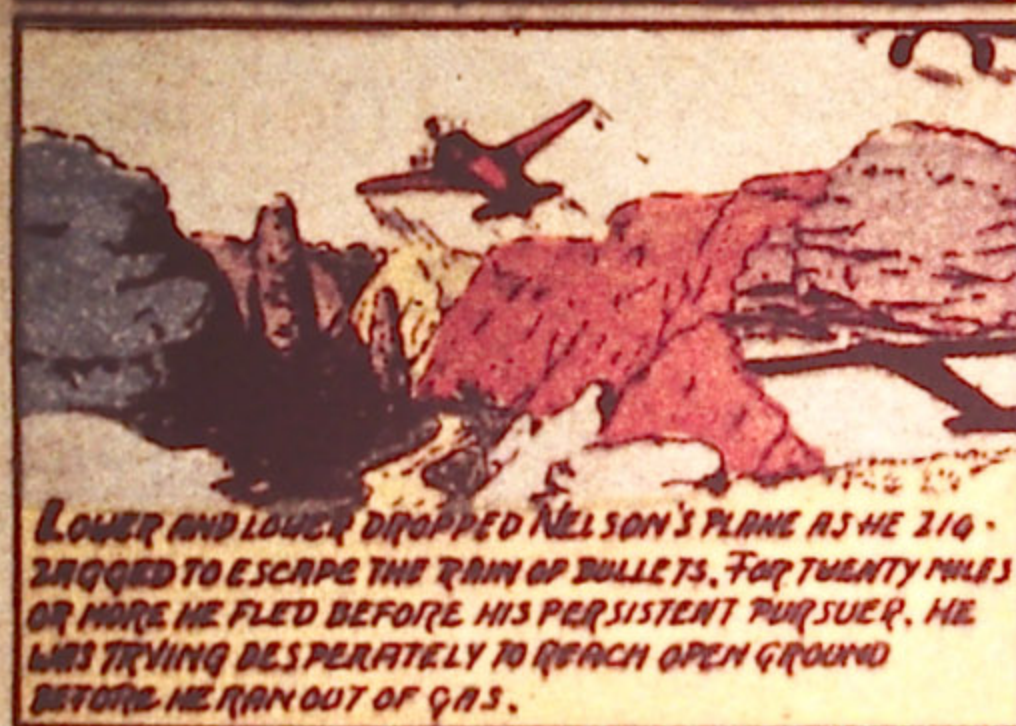
THAT SMUGGLER MEANS BUSINESS. HE'S OUT TO KILL ME. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT RUN FOR IT. I CAN'T COPE WITH A MACHINE GUN. ANYWAY I KNOW THEIR HIDING PLACE NOW.



HE GAVE HIS SHIP THE GUN BUT THE DOUGGET'S PILOT WASN'T TO BE DENIED.



I CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE HIM. HE STICKS LIKE FLY PAPER.

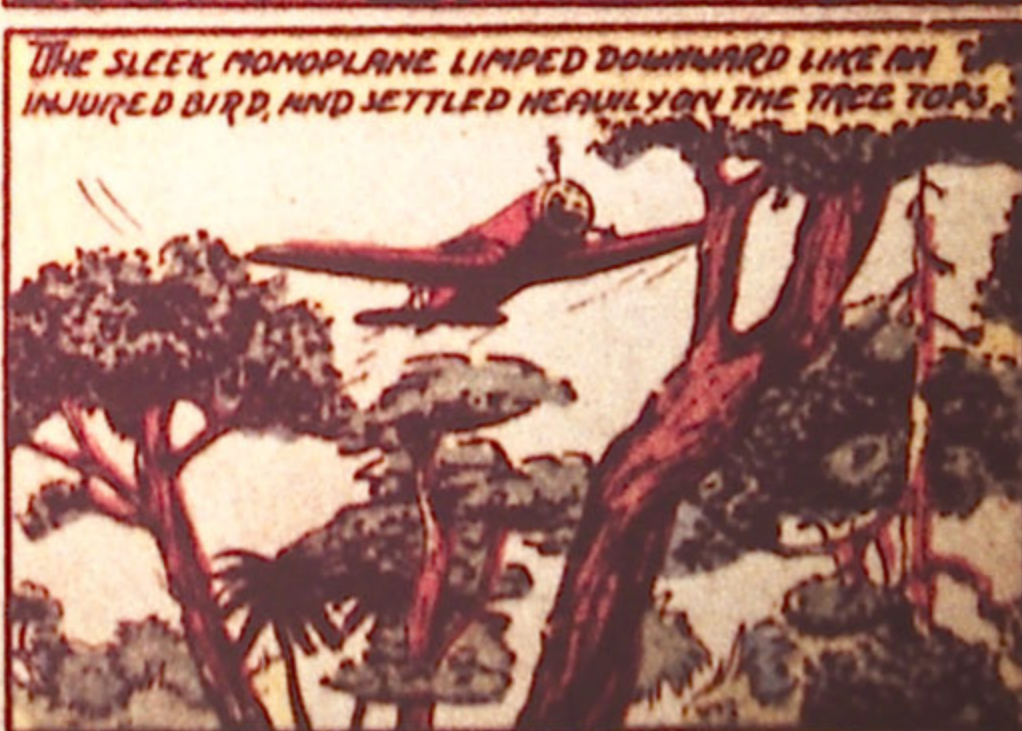


LOWER AND LOWER DROPPED NELSON'S PLANE AS HE ZIG-ZAGGED TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF BULLETS. FOR TWENTY MILES OR MORE HE FLED BEFORE HIS PERSISTENT PURSUER. HE WAS TRYING DESPERATELY TO REACH OPEN GROUND BEFORE HE RAN OUT OF GAS.

THEN A SHORT BURST OF FIRE CONNECTED WITH NELSON'S INSTRUMENT BOARD AND HE WAS SPRAYED WITH FLYING GLASS.



4
SUDDENLY THE ENGINE COUGHED AND QUIT COLD - THE GAS WAS GONE!



THE SLEEK MONOPLANE LIMPED DOWNWARD LIKE AN INJURED BIRD, AND SETTLED HEAVILY ON THE TREE TOPS.

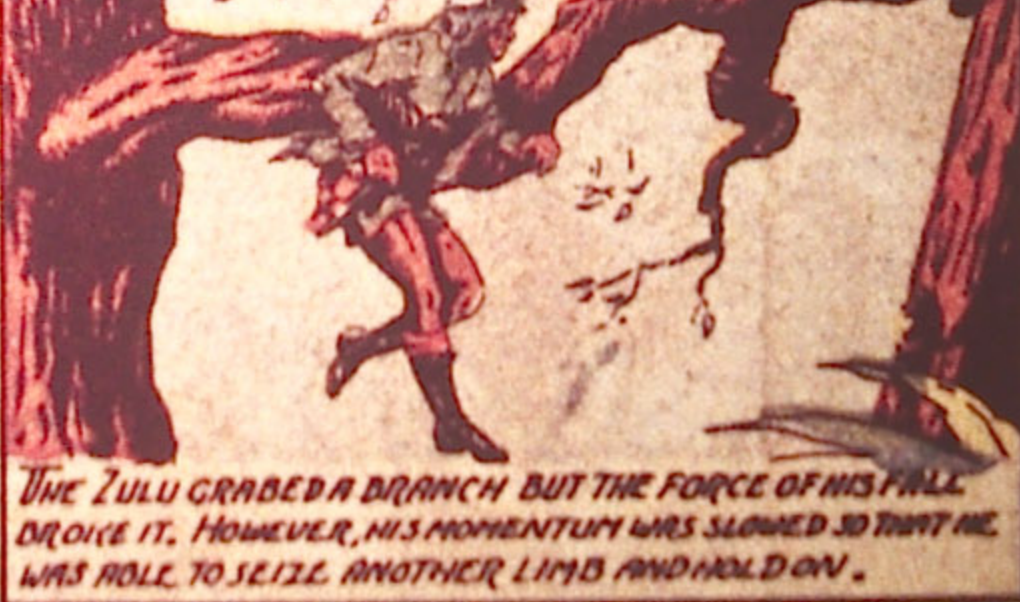
THERE WAS A RENDING AND TEARING OF FABRIC — A SPLINTERING AND CRACKING OF STRUTS AND TREE LIMBS.



THEN THE PLANE NOSED OVER. THE WEIGHT OF THE ENGINE DRAGGED IT DOWNWARD THROUGH THE BRANCHES.



AS THE WINGS STRIPPED FROM THE FUSELAGE, NELSON AND UNGI LEAPED.



THE ZULU GRABED A BRANCH BUT THE FORCE OF HIS FALL BROKE IT. HOWEVER, HIS MOMENTUM WAS SLOWED SO THAT HE WAS ABLE TO SEIZE ANOTHER LIMB AND HOLD ON.

BUT NELSON WASN'T SO FORTUNATE. HIS HEAD CLIPPED A LIMB PARTIALLY STUNNING HIM. FROM THERE HE CRASHED FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH THEN THUDDED SICKENINGLY TO THE GROUND.



UNGI SCRAMBLED DOWN THE TREE LIKE A MONKEY. HE SPED TO NELSON'S SIDE AND FELT HIS PULSE. AN EXPRESSION OF LAST RELIEF CROSSED THE ZULU'S FACE.

NOT DEAD! HE SURE A TOUGH ONE. —
WONDER IF ANY BONES BROKEN? —
NO BONES BROKEN. —
— HE LUCKY MAN



FINALLY NELSON MOANED, STIRRED AND ATTEMPTED TO SIT UP. HE FELL BACK WITH A GROAN. EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY CRIED OUT IN PROTEST. ONE OF HIS ANKLES WAS BADLY SPRAINED AND ONE ARM WRENCHED PAINFULLY.



STAY HERE, I GO FIND SOME
KIND OF SHELTER FOR YOU.

STAY HERE! YOU BIG DIM
WIT! WHERE DO YOU
THINK I COULD GO WITH
THIS ANKLE? MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING?



CHUCKLING TO HIMSELF UNGI STRODE INTO THE FOREST.



SUDDENLY THE SUN WAS BLOTTED OUT AND RAIN CAME
DOWN IN BLINDING SHEETS. A TYPICAL TROPICAL SHOWER.
SOON NELSON WAS LYING IN A MINIATURE POND.



NELSON TRIED TO MOVE AND COULDN'T. THE RAW COLD OF
THE RAIN ATE INTO HIS BONES AND MUSCLES AND STIFFENED
THEM. HE BEGAN TO SHIVER AND EVERY SHAKE FELT LIKE
HOT NEEDLES IN HIS BODY. HIS TONGUE SEEMED TO SWELL
AND HIS JAWS TO TIGHTEN. — JUNGLE FEVER!

FINALLY UNGI CAME SLOPPING BACK.

I FIND NICE DRY CAVE.
I CARRY YOU THERE.



THE BIG ZULU PICKED NELSON UP
EASILY AND STARTED BACK
THRU THE FOREST.

THE RAIN STOPPED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN.
THE SUN BEAT DOWN THRU THE TREES, CAUSING THE
DRIPPING RAIN DROPS TO RESEMBLE FALLING
DIAMONDS.



ABOUT A MILE FROM WHERE THEIR PLANE CRASHED THEY CAME TO A ROCK LEDGE ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL CLEARING. THERE WAS A CAVE IN THE ROCK AND A DEAD MOOPLE TREE STOOD BEFORE THE ENTRANCE.



UNGI LAID NELSON ON THE GROUND JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.

LOTS OF LEAVES IN CAVE.
I MAKE BED FOR YOU.
YOU STAY HERE!



BOY! THERE'S PLENTY OF WHITE MAN IN THAT BIG BLACK. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT HIM IN THIS COUNTRY.



NELSON SLUMPED BACK AGAINST THE ROCK AND CLOSED HIS EYES. HIS FORE HEAD WAS DAMP WITH SWEAT BUT HE WAS AS COLD AS ICE. PAINS SHOT THRU HIS BODY. HIS PULSE POUNDED IN HIS NECK. FEVER HAD GRIPPED HIM.



HE HEARD UNGI SHUFFLING AROUND AMONG DRY LEAVES INSIDE THE CAVE. HE TURNED TIRED EYES TOWARD THE SOUND. BUT THE SIGHT WHICH CONFRONTED HIM MADE HIS EYES POP AND HIS BREATH SUCK IN WITH A WHISTLE.



HANGING HEAD DOWN FROM A DEAD LIMB OF THE TREE BEFORE THE ENTRANCE WAS A PYTHON!

HALF ITS BODY WAS COILED ABOUT THE BRANCH AND THE OTHER HALF HUNG DOWN. ITS JAWS AGAPE, AND SWUNG LIKE A PENDULUM.



BRUCE NELSON ATTEMPTED TO SHOUT A WARNING AS UNGI STEPPED OUT OF THE CAVE BUT HIS VOICE ONLY CRACKED HOARSELY.



WITH LIGHTNING LIKE SPEED THE PYTHON SHOT OUT AND COILED ABOUT THE BODY OF THE ZULU. UNGI STRAINED BACKWARD WITH ALL OF HIS IMMENSE POWER. THE PYTHON STRETCHED LIKE A RUBBER BAND.

FOR A MINUTE THEY STRAINED IN A BATTLE OF STRENGTH, THEN THE LIMB ABOUT WHICH THE PYTHON WAS ANCHORED, SNAPPED FROM THE TREE. UNGI, THE SNAKE AND THE DEAD BRANCH CATAPULTED INTO THE CLEARING.

UNGI AND THE MONSTER PYTHON ROLLED AND THRASHED ABOUT. NELSON NOTICED THAT UNGI HELD HIS DAGGER IN HIS RIGHT HAND BUT IT WAS PINIONED TO HIS SIDE BY THE POWERFUL COILS.

HE SAW THE PYTHON REAR ITS UGLY HEAD AND WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY, SMASH ITS BLUNT NOSE AGAINST UNGI'S HEAD. HE WENT LIMP. KNOCKED OUT COMPLETELY.

NELSON TRIED DESPERATELY TO RISE AND GO TO THE ZULU'S AID.

THE PYTHON'S TAIL SLITHERED BACK TOWARD THE TRUNK OF THE MOOPLE TREE. WITH THIS FOR A PURCHASE HOLD THE SNAKE COULD EXERT SUFFICIENT PRESSURE TO CRUSH OUT THE ZULU'S LIFE.

CURSING HIS PREDICAMENT, NELSON FORCED HIMSELF TO HIS KNEES AND DREW HIS KNIFE.

"UNGI OLD BOY, YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR ME MANY A TIME. HERE'S WHERE I'M GOING TO MAKE A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT."



NELSON SAW THAT THE PYTHON'S TAIL HAD REACHED THE TREE AND ANCHORED ITSELF FIRMLY. THE COILS RIPPLED AND TIGHTENED AROUND UNGI.



LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, THE PYTHON UNWOUND FROM UNGI'S BODY, AND STRUCK AT ITS WOUND. THEN IT LASHED SAVAGELY AT THE TREE, THEN ARCHED ITSELF INTO A GREAT LOOP AND LASHED IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



WITH THE SPEED OF A FLITTING BLACK SHADOW, UNGI WHIPPED OUT HIS GUN AND BLASTED A HOLE STRAIGHT THRU THE MOUTH AND OUT THRU THE THICK SKIN OF THE IMMENSE REPTILE.



UNABLE TO STAND ON HIS SPRAINED ANKLE, HE CRAWLED FORWARD ON HANDS AND KNEES.



NELSON REACHED THE TREE. WITH HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH HE SLASHED AT THE TAIL. THE SHARP KNIFE CLEAVED THROUGH IT. THE SEVERED TAIL SLITHERED FROM THE TRUNK AND WRITHED HORRIBLY.



RELIEVED OF THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE, UNGI LAY STILL FOR A MOMENT IN A GROGGY STATE. THEN HE STRUGGLED SLOWLY TO HIS FEET. THE PYTHON SAW ITS INTENDED VICTIM MOVE, AND REARED ABOVE THE ZULU, ITS DROOLING JAWS STRETCHED WIDE.



THE BIG BLACK THEN LIFTED NELSON TO SAFETY. THEY PAUSED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE AND WATCHED THE BIG SNAKE WRITHE ABOUT IN ITS DEATH THROES.

"IF I NEVER HAVE ANOTHER EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT, IT WILL BE SOON ENOUGH!"



FOR A WEEK NELSON
LAIN IN THE CAVE. UNGI
NURSED HIM. MASSAGING THE
SORE MUSCLES, RUBBING THE BRUISED
FLESH WITH OILS GATHERED FROM FOREST HERBS.

NELSON GRADUALLY GREW WELL.

UNGI AS A M. D. YOU'RE TOPS.
WHEN YOU GET HOME YOU'LL
HAVE TO HANG OUT YOUR
SHINGLE. SERIOUSLY
THOUGH FELLA. I'LL
NEVER FORGET THE
CARE YOU'VE GIVEN ME.

THE NEXT MORNING

I LEFT YOU FOOD AND WATER FOR A DAY. I GO OUT
AND SEE WHAT ME CAN FIND
OUT ABOUT SMUGGLERS
HIDE OUT. YOU BE ALL
RIGHT HERE.

O.K. BIG BOY. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF
AND GOOD LUCK.

THAT AFTERNOON NELSON GAVE HIS SPRAINED ANKLE A
BRIEF TEST BY TAKING A SHORT WALK.

HMM! NOT SO BAD. A LITTLE
SORE AND WEAK BUT I THINK
WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SHOVE
OFF TOMORROW.

UNGI RETURNED THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

I FOUND THEIR HIDE OUT WITHOUT
TROUBLE. THEY HAVE COOLIES
THERE. THEY BEAT THEM. I HEAR
THEIR CRIES. AND THEY
HAVE TWO PLANES.

GOOD WORK UNGI! WE'LL SNEAK UPON THEM TONIGHT,
STEAL THOSE PLANES AND MAKE A GET AWAY.
HAVE BOTH SHIPS MACHINE GUNS?

WE'LL HAVE TO STEAL BOTH PLANES. TWO MEN IN ONE SHIP WOULD BE TOO MUCH WEIGHT. A SINGLE MAN IN OTHER PLANE COULD CATCH US WITH PLenty EASE.

RIGHT! HOW ARE THE CRATES PARKED.



ONE BACK OF THE OTHER. THE YELLOW ONE IN FRONT.

WHEN WE GET THERE YOU TAKE THE YELLOW ONE. I'LL TAKE THE RED ONE. HOOT LIKE A NIGHT OWL WHEN YOU ARE READY TO SPIN THE PROP. THEN WE'LL COUNT TEN AND SPIN PROPS TOGETHER. GET AWAY AS QUICK AS YOU CAN. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.



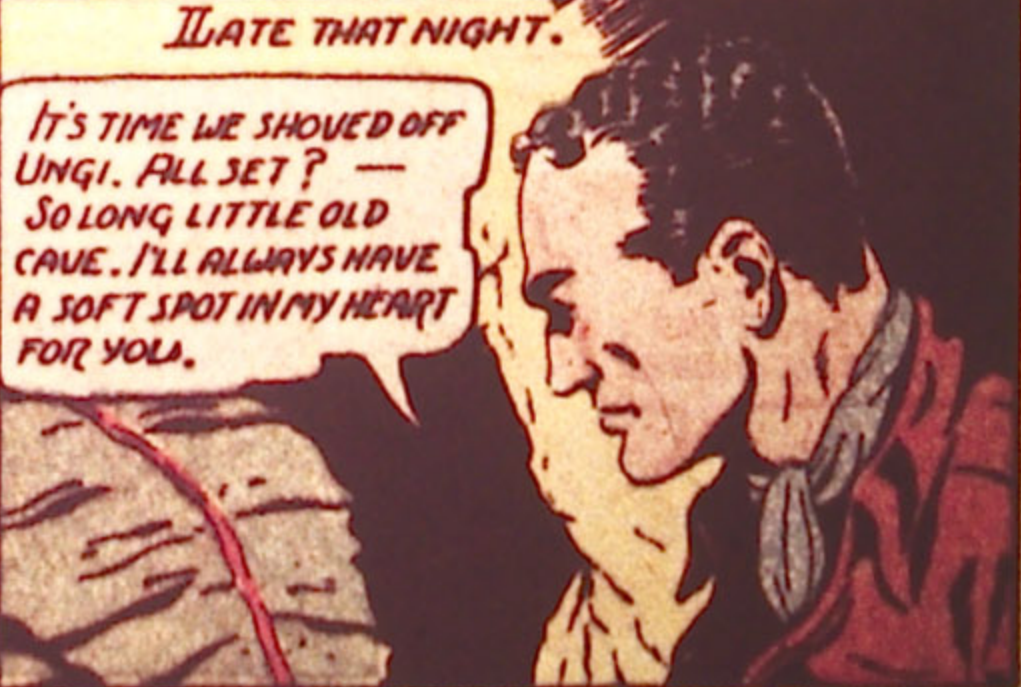
I LIKE TO KILL THAT DIRTY DEL RIO FIRST.

LET'S GET THE PLANES FIRST. THEN WE CAN COME BACK AND ROUND UP THE RAT.



LATE THAT NIGHT.

IT'S TIME WE SHOVED OFF LINGI. ALL SET? — SO LONG LITTLE OLD CAVE. I'LL ALWAYS HAVE A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR YOU.



JUST BEFORE DAWN NELSON AND LINGI CREPT CAUTIOUSLY TO THE EDGE OF THE SMUGGLER'S RUNWAY.



WAKING BIRDS CHATTERED AMONG THE TREES AND A NIGHT APE CRIED MOURNFULLY.



VOICES DRONED FROM THE CRUDE COOLIE SHELTERS NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FOREST. IN A FEW MINUTES THE CAMP WOULD BE ALIVE.



NOW REMEMBER LINGI, GO DIRECTLY TO THE YELLOW SHIP AND STAND BY THE PROP. I'LL GO TO THE RED ONE. WHEN YOU GET THERE COUNT TEN, AND CHOKE THE ENGINE TWICE. THEN PULL THE PROP TO START THE MOTOR. I'LL BE DOING THE SAME.



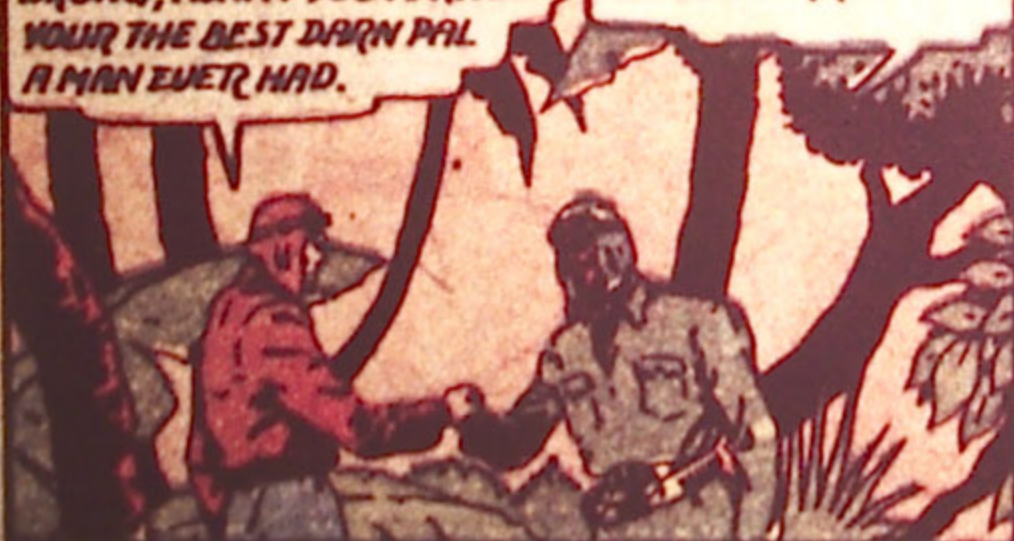
KEEP HER NOSE DOWN UNTIL YOU GET TO THE FAR END OF THE RUNWAY, THEN LIFT HER UP OVER THE TREES. — RIGHT?

RIGHT!



I'M NOT PESSIMISTIC LINGI, BUT IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOUR THE BEST DARN PAL A MAN EVER HAD.

A THOUSAND THANKS MY FRIEND. MY HEART IS FULL OF GRATITUDE.



THEY SEPARATED. UNGI CREPT SILENTLY TOWARDS THE FORWARD PLANE WHILE NELSON MADE HIS WAY TO THE PROP OF THE RED SHIP.



JUST AS NELSON WAS ABOUT TO PULL THE PROP AGAIN, A REVOLVER WAS JAMMED INTO HIS RIBS AND A VOICE, RASPED BESIDE HIM.



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO?



HE SUCKED GASOLINE INTO THE CARBURETOR A COUPLE OF TIMES WITH THE PROP. HE THREW THE SWITCH AND THROD HARD ON THE BLADE, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED.

STEVE MALONE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY



STEVE MALONE, BRILLIANT YOUNG CRIMINAL LAWYER, PAUSES OUTSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE TO ENJOY A CIGARETTE.

M'SIEU MALONE, M'SIEU MALONE! PLEASE COME!



THE WIFE OF AMBASSADOR LAVALLE?

PARDON MY HASTE M'SIEU MALONE BUT MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN MURDERED. I WANT YOU TO HELP ME—I AM MRS LAVALLE



THE POLICE WOULD BE BETTER—

THE SAME! I MUST HAVE YOUR HELP AT ONCE!



NO, NO! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! IT IS NOT A CASE FOR THE POLICE UNTIL WE CAN CONFRONT THE GUILTY WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE, THEY ARE A VERY POWERFUL GROUP, THE MEN WHO KILLED MY HUSBAND. WE MUST PROCEED VERY SECRETLY!



THE SHOT CAME FROM THERE. THE WINDOWS ARE CLOSED THOUGH, AND NO BULLET HOLE APPEARS.



THE LAVALLE LIBRARY STEVE MALONE FIRST SEES THE BODY OF THE MURDERED AMBASSADOR

NO ONE IS BEHIND THESE, BUT A MAN
COULD HAVE HIDDEN HERE.
WERE YOU AT HOME TO-NIGHT?



I WAS VISITING A FRIEND OF
MINE, GINI DESALLE. SHE IS AN
OLD CLASSMATE OF MINE. SHE
ASKED ME TO COME OVER.



DROP TO
THE FLOOR!



A BULLET FLARES PUTTING
OUT THE LIGHTS.



MRS. LAVALLE IS GONE!



MALONE, RUSHING TO THE WINDOW, NOTES THE
LICENSE NUMBER OF A CAR PULLING AWAY
FROM THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

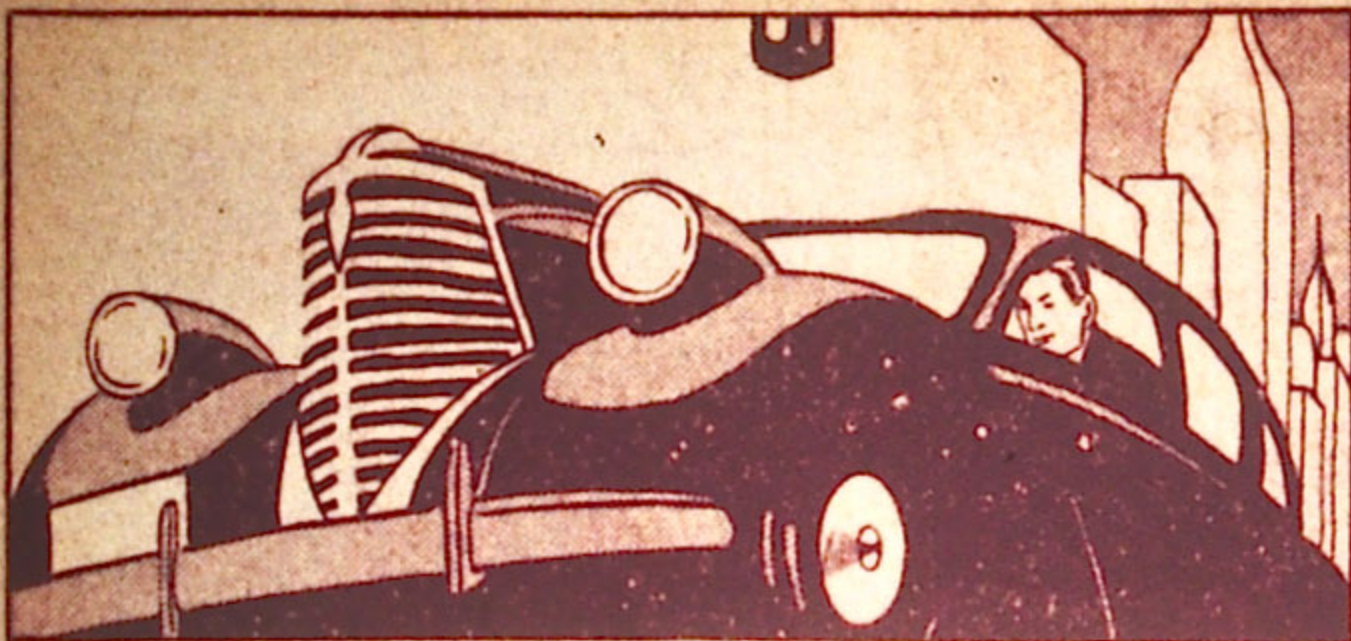
HEADQUARTERS! FOLLOW SEDAN
BEARING LICENSE NUMBER
X-1515. CONTACT ME OVER
SHORT WAVE RADIO



DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE LOSES
NO TIME. HE RACES FOR HIS
CAR WHICH HAS A RADIO INSTALLED
IN THE DASHBOARD

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE CALLING
DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE SEDAN,
BEARING LICENSE NUMBER X-1515
LOCATED IN BROOKLYN. GO TO WEST
190TH STREET NEAR 17TH AVENUE.

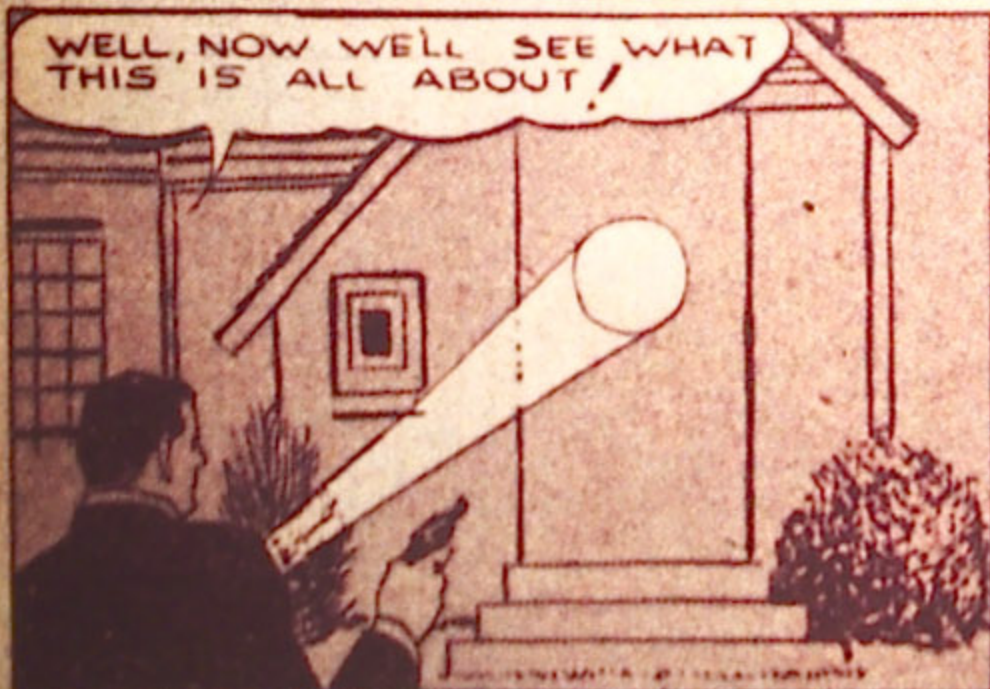




WITH SIREN SHRILLING, HE RACES
TOWARD BROOKLYN...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER
HE LOCATES THE QUARRY



WELL, NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



A SHOT COMES OUT OF
THE DARKNESS TEARING
AWAY MALONE'S GUN



YOU ASKED FOR IT, BUDDY,
COMING HERE!



MALONE BATTLES VALIANTLY BUT THE
ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!



DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE, YOU
SHOULD NOT HAVE DABBLED IN THIS
NIGHT'S WORK. I AM SORRY, BUT I
MUST DO AWAY WITH YOU. I REGRET
THE CRUDITY OF THE BOMB, BUT
I AM IN A HURRY





MALONE SEES THE FRENCH DOORS FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE



A MACHINE GUN POURS DEADLY HAIL FROM THE NEXT HOUSE



OFFICER DUGAN ENTERS THE NEIGHBORING HOUSE



MEANWHILE OFFICER DUGAN APPEARS BEHIND THE KILLER IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.



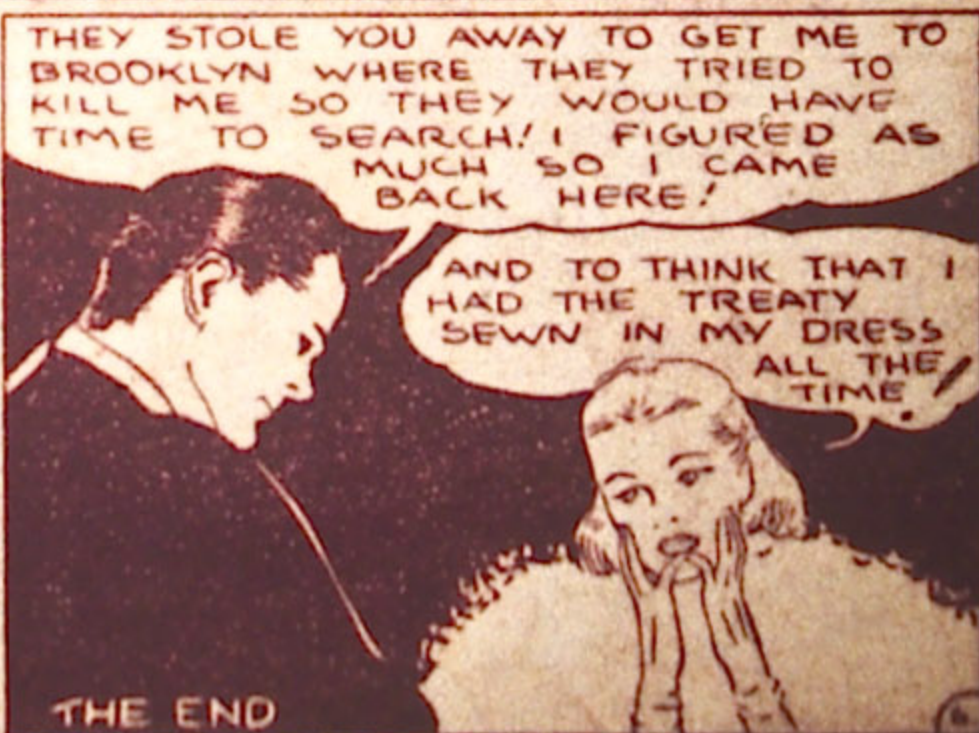
DUGAN FIRES AND ONE MAN FALLS



OFFICER DUGAN FALLS WOUNDED, MALONE FIRES AS HE ENTERS THE ROOM, DISARMING THE OTHER KILLER



MALONE GETS HIS MAN..



THE END

SLAM

BRADLEY

BY
JEROME
SIEGEL
AND JOE
SHUSTER

SLAM AND SHORTY ARE TAKING A SPIN
ALONG A COUNTRY-ROAD IN ORDER TO
GET AWAY FROM DETECTIVE WORK AND
BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. — —
HOWEVER, THEIR COMPLACENCY IS ABRUPTLY
CUT SHORT BY A STRANGE VESSEL THAT
SWOOPS DOWN OUT OF THE SKIES!

DUCK!

YER
TELLIN
ME!

THE QUEER SHIP LANDS IN A
NEARBY FIELD

OF ALL
TH—!

WE'RE GONNA
LOOK INTO
THIS!

HEY! WHOEVER
YOU ARE! COME
OUTA THERE SO
I CAN KNOCK
YOUR BLOCK
OFF.

WE'LL
SHOW YA!

SUDDENLY— SHOTS FROM THE VESSEL

HE'S GOT A
GUN!

HE'S YELLOW!—
WON'T FIGHT
WITH HIS
FISTS!

BANG

BANG



WHOA! WE'VE
RUN FAR ENOUGH!
NOW TO HEAD
BACK!

WHAT?
GO BACK TO THAT
MANIAC AND
HIS GUN? NO-
SIR! NOT ME!



DON'T WORRY. WE'LL
CRAWL BACK, INDIAN
FASHION, FROM THE
REAR. HE WON'T
SEE US 'TILL WE
NAB HIM!



INDIAN FASHION? THAT'S
DIFFERENT! I USED TO BE
PRETTY GOOD AT IT WHEN
I WAS A KID! LET'S
GET GOIN'!



KEEP DOWN!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE

IF I CRAWL ANY
LOWER, I'LL BE
BURROWING UNDER-
GROUND!



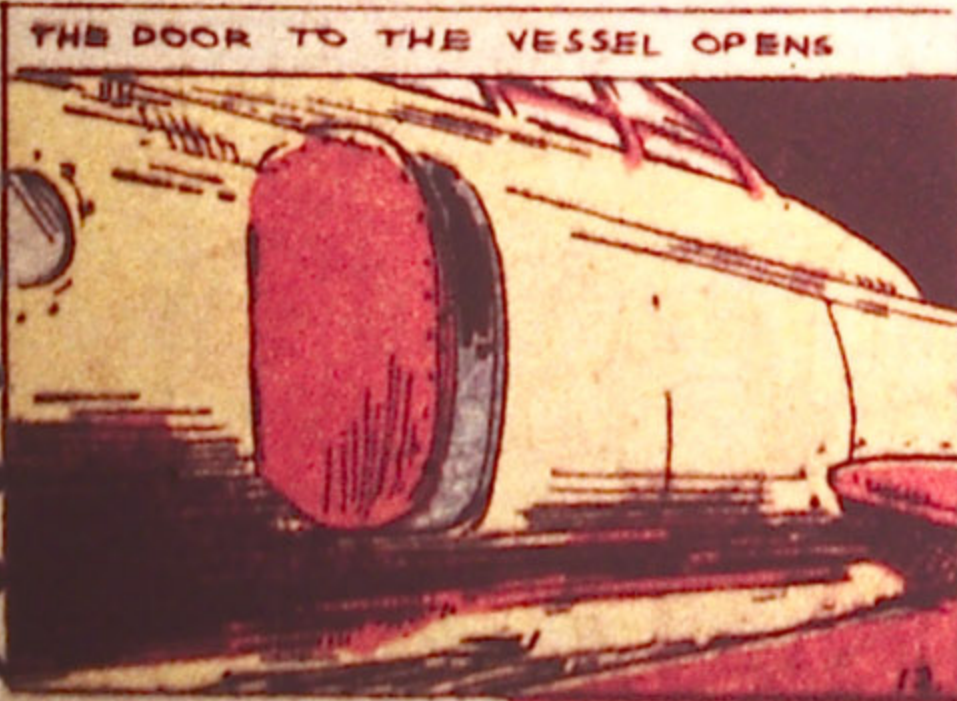
SH-H! SOMEONE'S
COMING OUT! BE
READY TO JUMP
HIM WHEN I GIVE
THE SIGNAL!

I GOT YA!



NOW?

NO -- NOT
YET!



THE DOOR TO THE VESSEL OPENS



NOW!

SHORTY AND
SLAM LEAP
SIMULTANEOUSLY!

IMAGINE THEIR
SURPRISE WHEN
THEY LEARN
THEIR OPPONENT
IS --



NOT 'TILL YOU'VE
TOLD US THE REASON
FOR THOSE POT
SHOTS!

AREN'T YOU ONE
OF "KNIFE" MORLEY'S
MEN?



"KNIFE" MORLEY?
— NEVER HEARD
OF HIM!

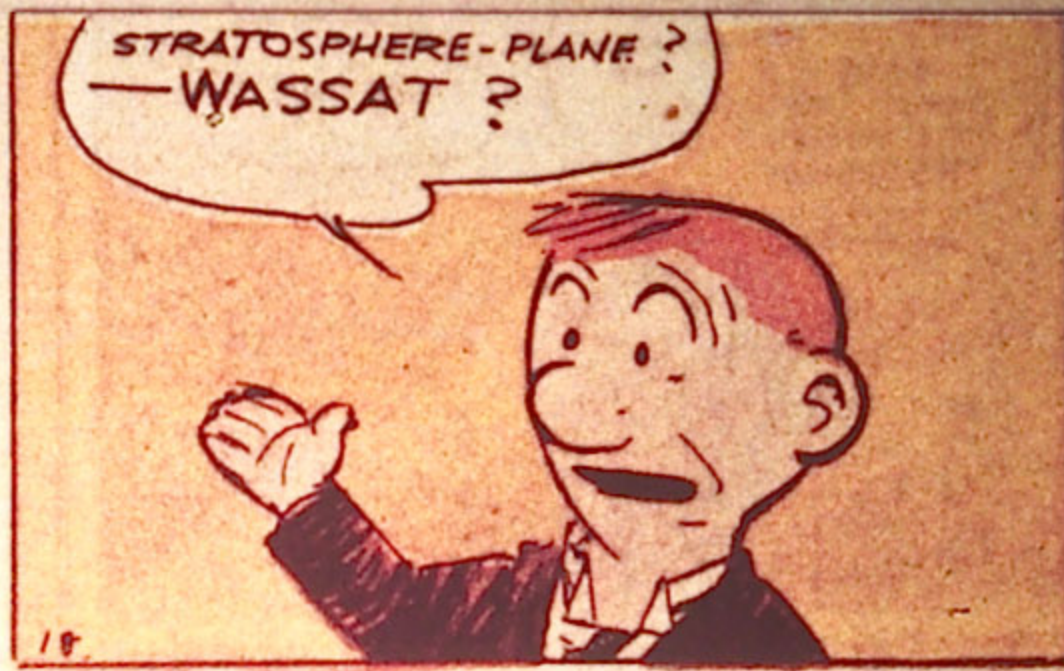
THEN I'VE MADE
A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!



"KNIFE" HAS BEEN TRYING
TO STEAL MY FATHER'S
STRATOSPHERE-PLANE.
HE WAS PURSUING ME
AND NATURALLY,
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SOME OF HIS HENCH-
MEN!



STRATOSPHERE-PLANE?
— WASSAT?



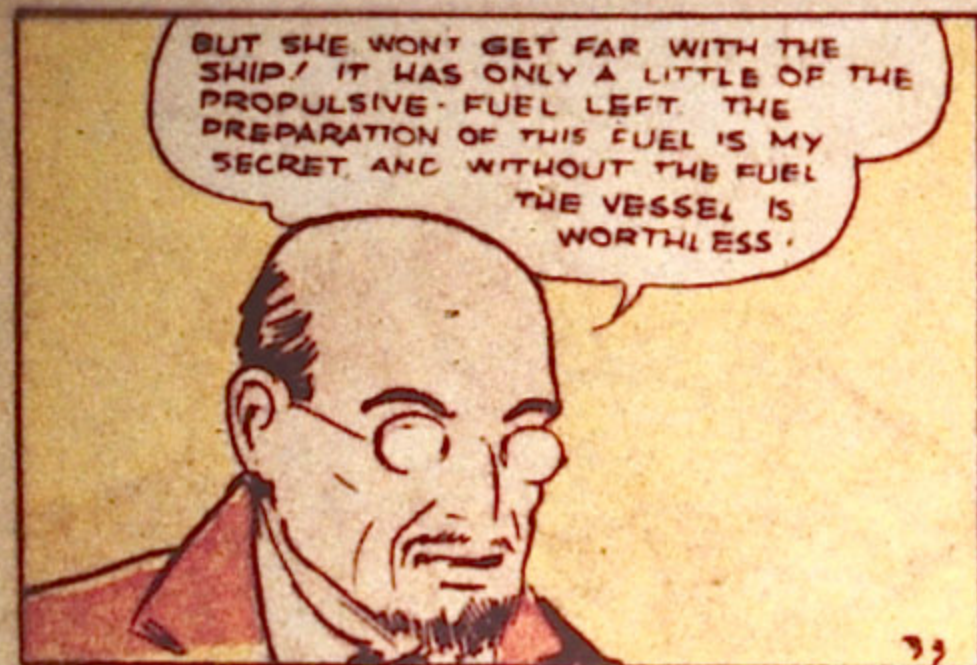
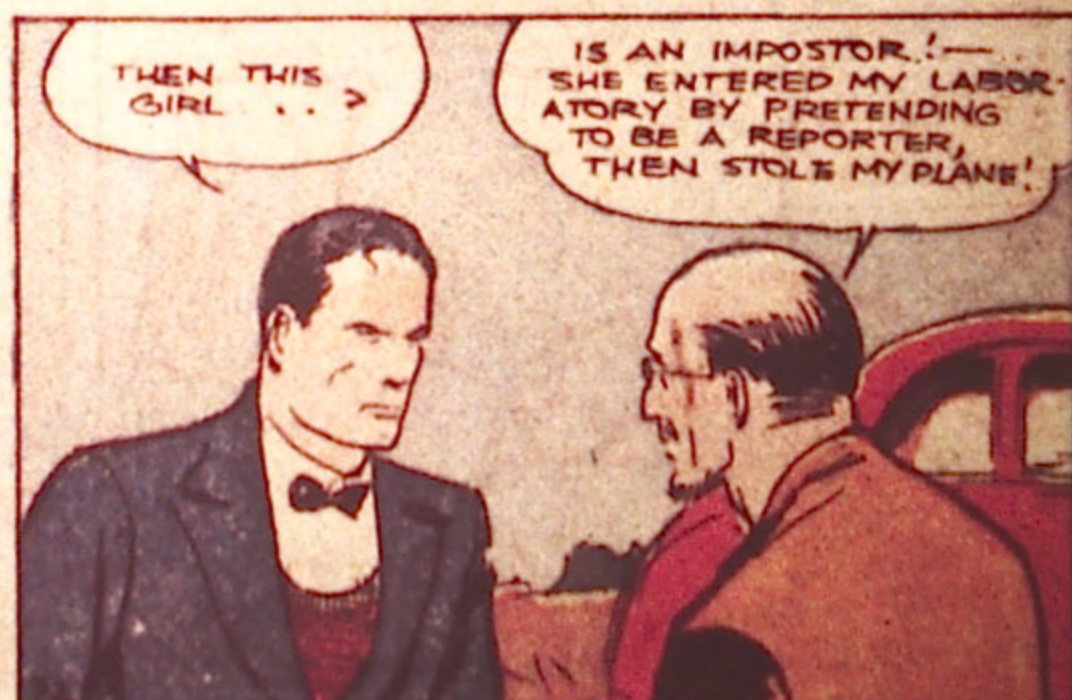
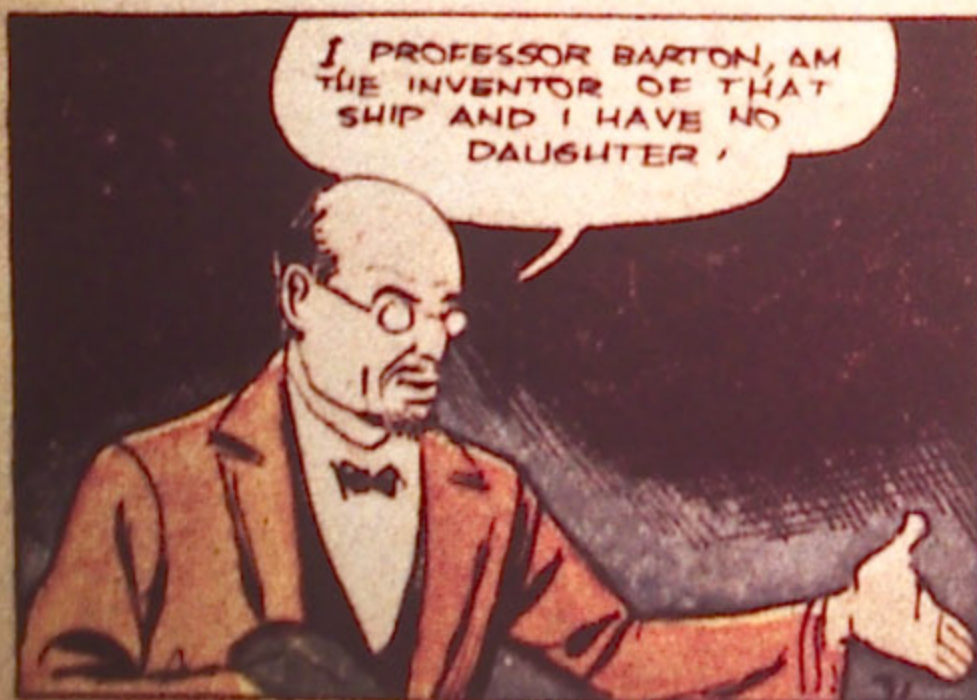
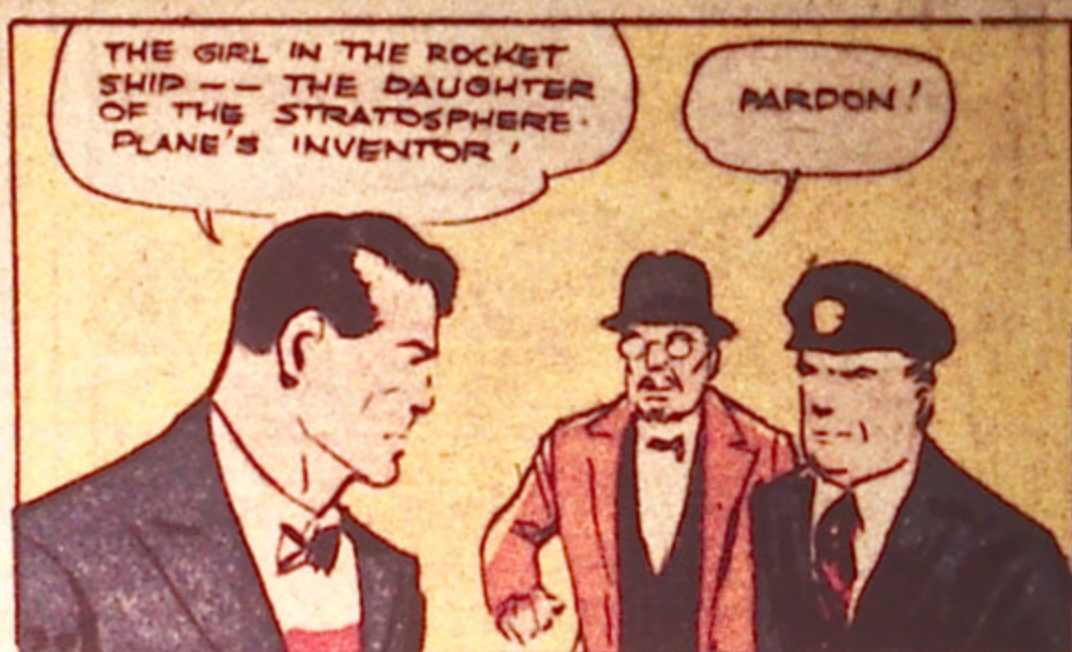
BECAUSE THE AIR'S DENSITY
IS THINNER IN THE STRATO-
SPHERE, MY FATHER'S
PLANE CAN REACH
EUROPE IN A FEW
HOURS — HIS
DISCOVERY WILL
REVOLUTIONIZE
THE AIRPLANE
INDUSTRY!

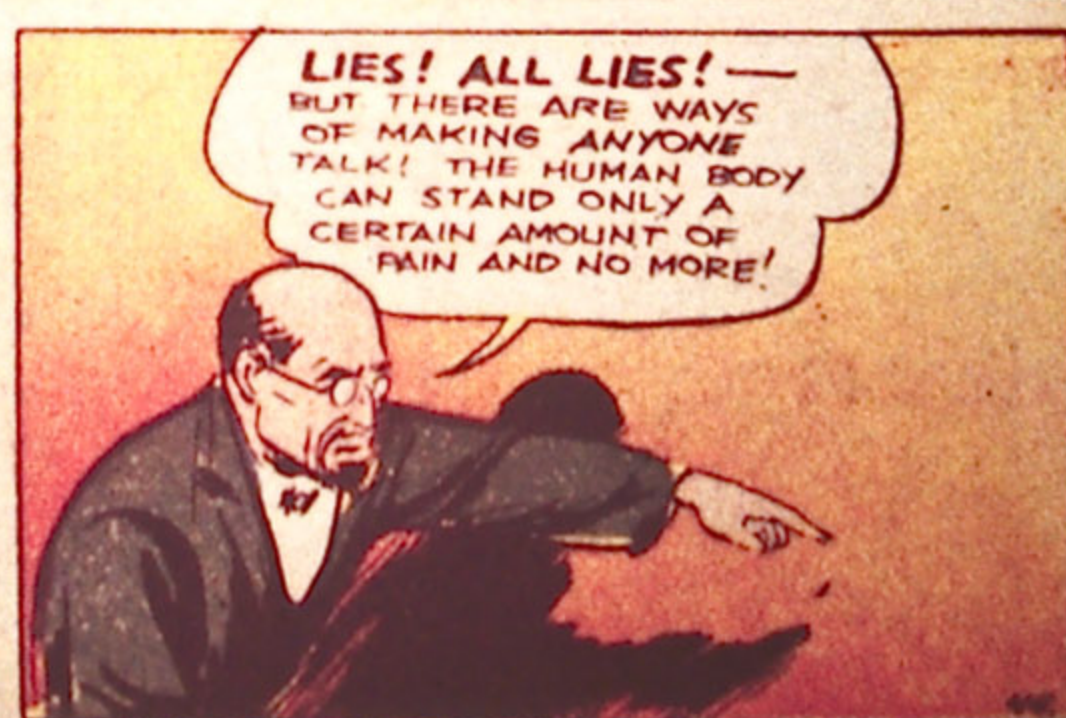
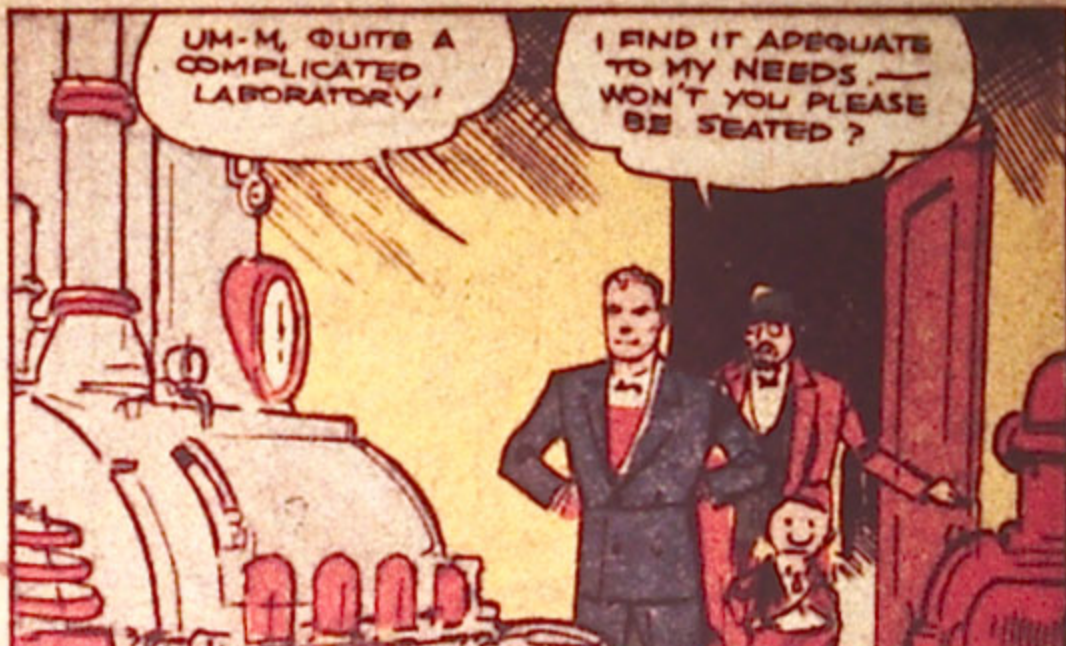
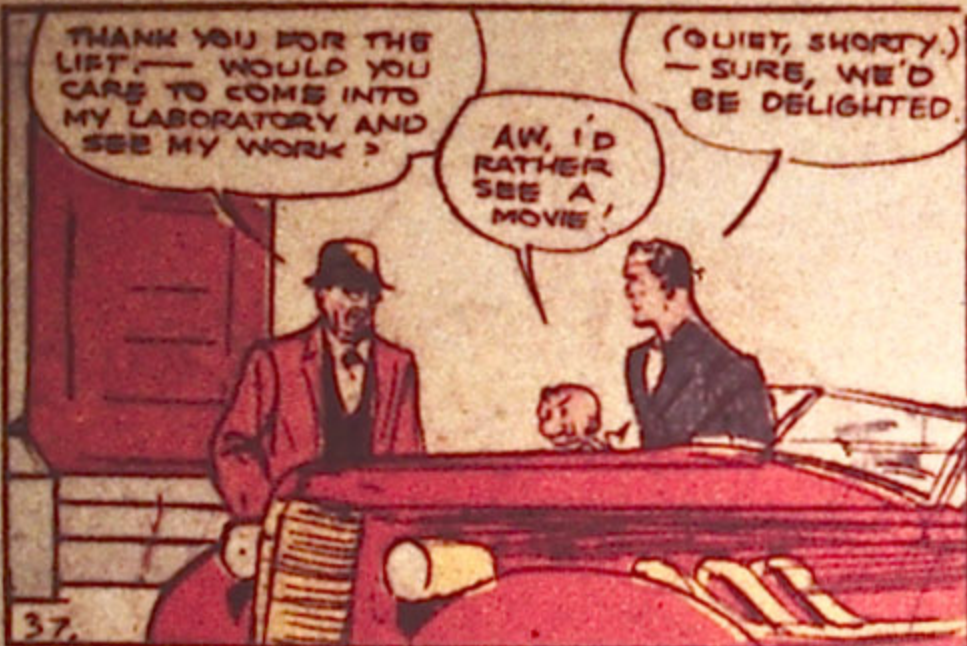


MORLEY, HOWEVER, DESIRES
TO STEAL AND SELL THE PLANE
TO A WAR-MINDED NATION.
WE'VE BEEN RESISTING
HIS --









OH, GOLLY! — HE'S
GONNA TORTURE
US! — **HELP!**

45.

GO AHEAD! SHOUT
YOUR FOOL HEAD OFF!
THE WALLS ARE SOUND-
PROOF, ANYWAY!

46.

THE PROFESSOR FLINGS A SWITCH — —

— — A RAY FLASHES DOWN UPON SLAM AND
SHORTY!

A HEAT
RAY!

I'M BURNIN'
ALIVE!

47.

TELL ME! TELL ME WHERE
MORLEY HAS TAKEN MY
PLANE! — TELL ME,
OR YOU'LL BE FRIED
TO A CRISP!

WE — DON'T
— KNOW —

48.

AT THAT MOMENT — — THE LABORATORY'S
ENTRANCE — —

**RAISE 'EM
BARTON!**

49.

MORLEY!

**RIGHT! — I'VE
COME TO GET THAT
FORMULA!**

YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!
— I'LL NEVER
TELL YOU!

YOU WONT, EH?

AS MORLEY TOUCHES THE HANDLE OF HIS KNIFE,
THE BLADE LEAPS INTO POSITION!

NOW TALK, OR I'LL
DEMONSTRATE HOW
I EARNED THE NICK-
NAME, "KNIFE"!

HEY!
WHAT ABOUT
US?

WHY NOT FREE US,
THEN CONTINUE WITH
YOUR SQUABBLE!

SHUT UP,
YOU!

AS GARTON
COMPREHENDS
THAT SLAM AND
SHORTY ARE NOT
HENCHMEN OF
MORLEY, HE
ACTS!

HE STEPS ON A PROJECTION IN THE FLOOR!

INSTANTLY, THE STEEL BANDS RELEASE THE
TWO DETECTIVES

HOORAY!—
WE'RE FREE!

YOU'RE FORGETTING
MORLEY!

THIS IS FOR
SOCKING
SHORTY!



RIGHT BACK!



I'VE GOT A MIND
TO --

NO, DON'T!



YOU'LL TELL ME THE
FUEL'S FORMULA NOW,
OR I'LL HAVE NICK
CUT LOOSE WITH HIS
GUN WHEN I COUNT
"FIVE".

COUNT AND
BE HANGED!



ONE . . TWO . .



THREE --
FOUR --



BEADS OF SWEAT GATHER UPON BARTON'S
BROW, BUT HE STILL HOLDS HIS SILENCE . .



AT THAT INSTANT, THE GIRL SURREPTITIOUSLY
SLIPS A GUN INTO SLAM'S HAND!





WHEN
THE
CLOSET-
DOOR
IS
OPENED.

FATHER!

WHAT GOES
ON HERE?

76.

THIS IS MY FATHER: PROFESSOR
JAMES. — BARTON KIDNAPPED
AND STOLE HIS INVENTION
FROM HIM. — I JOINED MORLEY'S
GANG, BELIEVING THEY WOULD
LEAD ME TO MY DAD.

77.

BARTON'S
GONE!

78.

HERE, KEEP THIS GUN
TRAINED ON THOSE MEN
WHILE I GET BARTON.

79.

SLAM RACES AFTER THE FLEEING CROOKED
SCIENTIST

80.

BUT JUST AS HE REACHES THE
STRATOSPHERE-PLANE, IT
ROARS UP INTO THE SKY!

81.

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE
GETTING AWAY, YOU'VE
GOT ANOTHER GUESS
COMING!

82.

WITHIN THE STRATO-
SPHERE SHIP...

HA! HA! —
FOOLED 'EM ALL!
THEY'LL NEVER
GET ME NOW!

PURSUING THE SKY-SHIP, SLAM PRESSES HIS AUTO TO THE LIMIT! . . .



FOLLOWING ME, EH? — WELL, I'LL ATTEND TO HIM!



BARTON DOES NOT SEE A SHADOW CREEP TOWARD HIM FROM THE REAR OF THE CONTROL-ROOM. . .



SHORTY HAD FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE ROCKET-SHIP

GET READY FOR FOR A SURPRISE BIG-BOY!

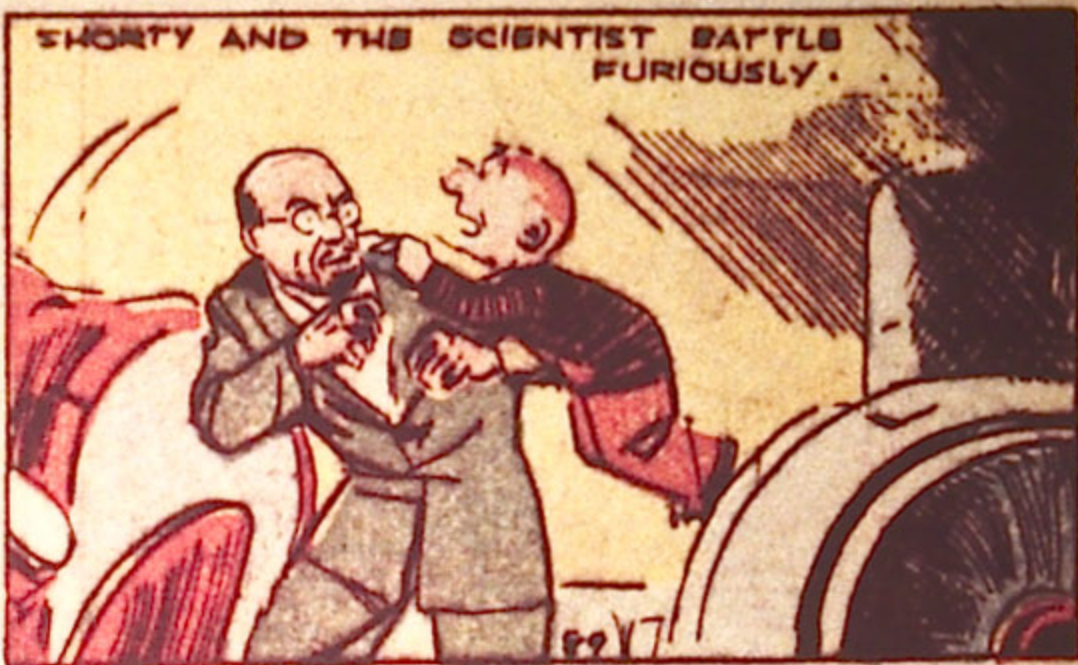


WHO--?

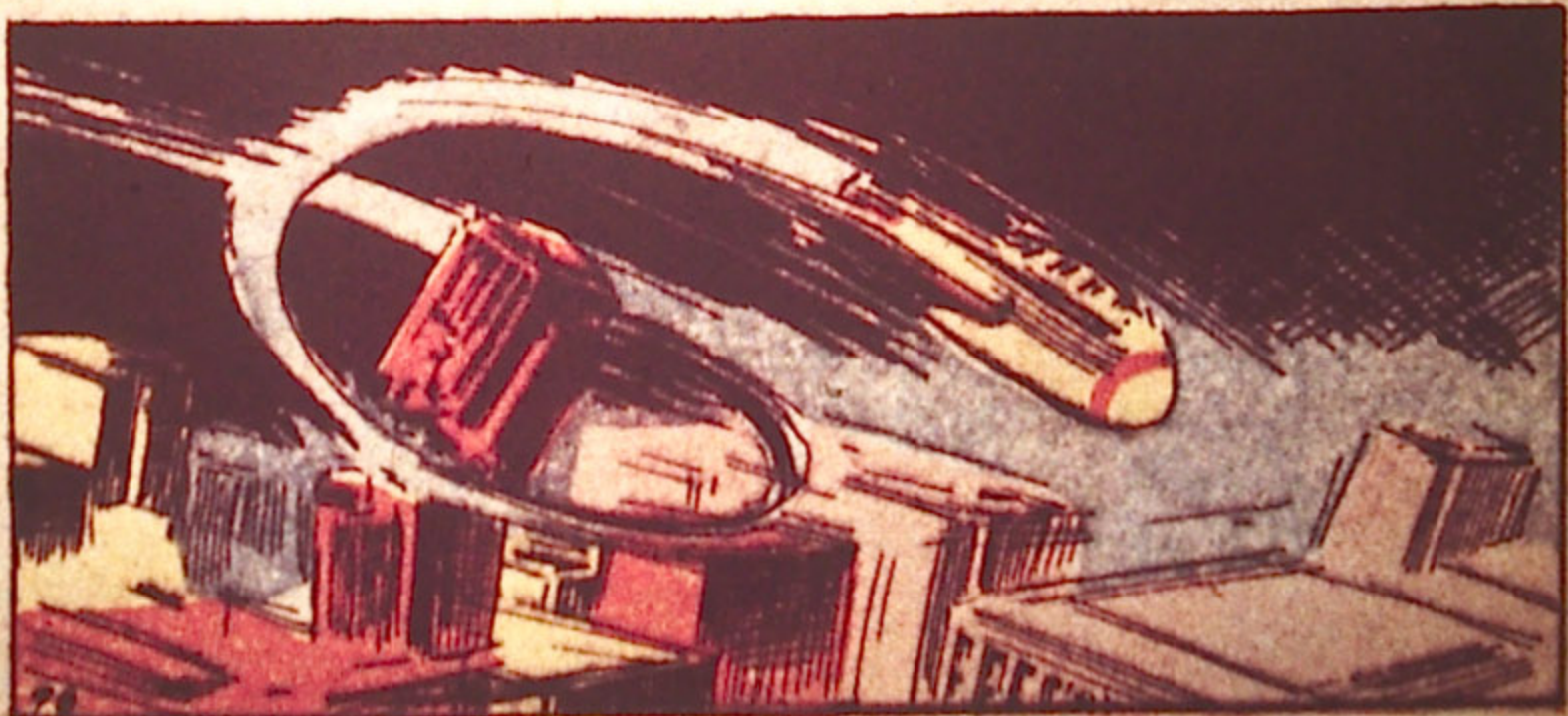
YA'D NEVER GUESS!

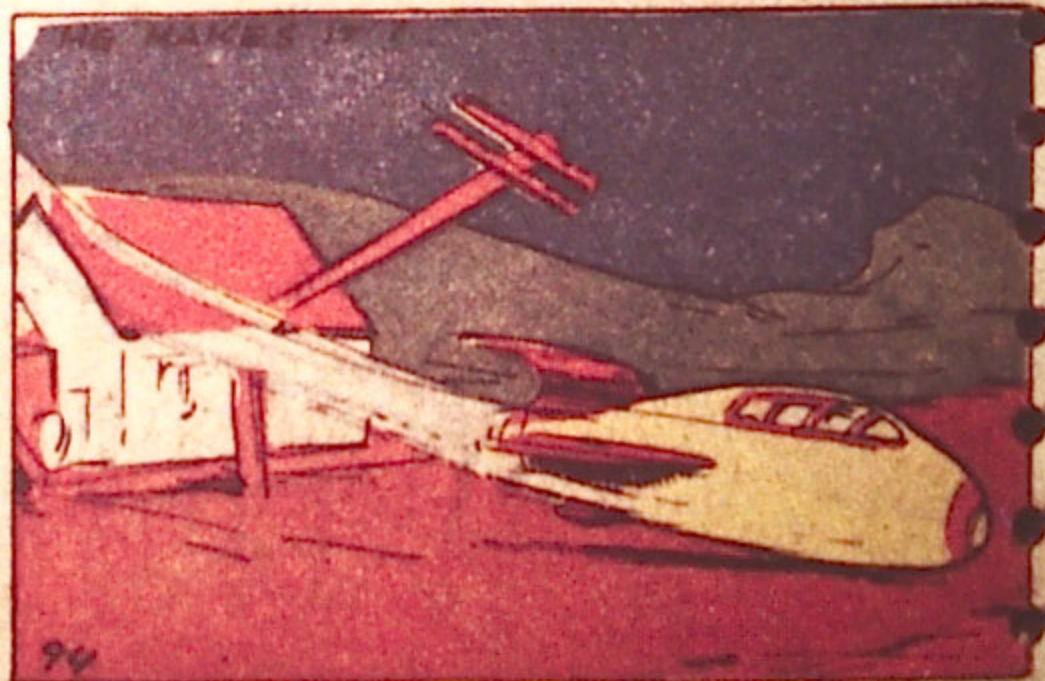
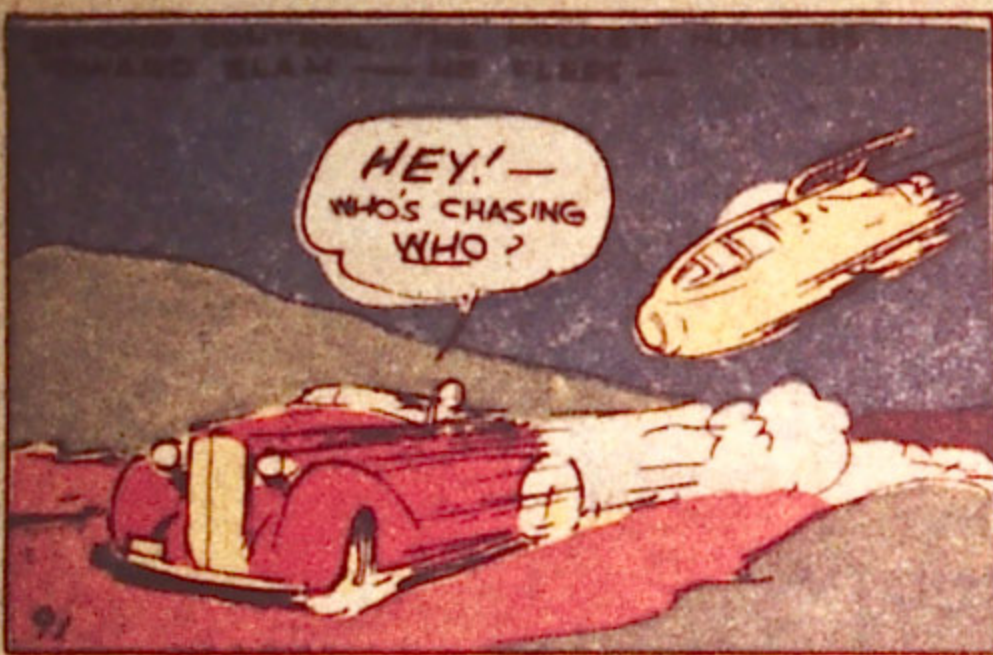


SHORTY AND THE SCIENTIST BATTLE FURIOUSLY.



THE ROCKET, UNGUIDED, SWERVES AND WHIRLS IN A SERIES OF MAD gyrations!





SLAM BRADLEY

in AFRICA

TO THE DARK CONTINENT GO SLAM AND SHORTY IN A QUEST THAT EVENTUALLY BRINGS THEM IN CONFLICT WITH BEASTS AND MEN!



DETECTIVE PUZZLES

DICK SHARP THE CLEVER G-BOY WAS ABLE TO READ THIS FIVE-WORD HIDDEN MESSAGE WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY A GANGSTER. CAN YOU?

START FROM A CERTAIN LETTER AND MOVE TO THE NEXT LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION UNTIL -

E	A	T	H
E	M	T	E
S	E	T	B
U	M	E	O
O	H	T	A

- YOU HAVE USED EACH LETTER ONCE.



TRY TO NAME THE ABOVE PICTURES AND THEN ADD OR SUBTRACT THE LETTERS IN THE NAMES AS INDICATED BY THE PLUS AND MINUS SIGNS BETWEEN THE OBJECTS. THE REMAINING LETTERS WILL SPELL THE NAME OF SOMETHING THAT WILL FLOAT IN WATER.



OFFICER MONK IS OUT TO ARREST A RABBIT, A TIGER AND A SQUIRREL BUT HE CAN'T FIND THEM. SUPPOSE YOU PLAY DETECTIVE AND TRY TO LOCATE THEM. WE'LL GIVE YOU A CUE... THEY'RE HIDING RIGHT HERE BEFORE YOUR EYES. CAN YOU FIND THEM?



DEAR PAL LEFTY:
GBKZ WKO OBANX: NIB
CHPBX KPG EBTBOY KZB IMG-
GBP SBPBKNI K OKZRB
YNHPB MP SKUF HA NIB HOG
ZBG SKZP HP EHB'Y AKZC
MP IMUFYJMOOB. OKZZX.

ARE YOU A SHREWD DETECTIVE? CAN YOU SOLVE THE ABOVE CRYPTIC MESSAGE FOR DICK SHAW? WHEN A LETTER IS REPEATED IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME CODE-LETTER THROUGHOUT... THE FIRST THREE WORDS ARE "GBKZ WKO OBANX" TRANSLATED THEY ARE "DEAR PAL LEFTY." THESE CODE-LETTERS ARE REPEATED THROUGHOUT THE NOTE AND SHOULD HELP YOU SOLVE THE PROBLEM. SPACES AND PUNCTUATIONS ARE RETAINED.



SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS THE NAMES OF THESE SEVEN PICTURES AND THEN REARRANGE THEIR INITIALS TO SPELL THE NAME OF A LARGE CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. WHAT IS THE CITY?

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, jokes and mystify friends. Initiate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a Bing Crosby, Charlie McCarthy, Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, etc.

World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a tiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barred of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Only **25c**

DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Features radio-acting, broadcast-quality, 500-ohm, 100-ohm, 50-ohm, 25-ohm, 10-ohm, 5-ohm, 2-ohm, 1-ohm, 1/2-ohm, 1/4-ohm, 1/8-ohm, 1/16-ohm, 1/32-ohm, 1/64-ohm, 1/128-ohm, 1/256-ohm, 1/512-ohm, 1/1024-ohm, 1/2048-ohm, 1/4096-ohm, 1/8192-ohm, 1/16384-ohm, 1/32768-ohm, 1/65536-ohm, 1/131072-ohm, 1/262144-ohm, 1/524288-ohm, 1/1048576-ohm, 1/2097152-ohm, 1/4194304-ohm, 1/8388608-ohm, 1/16777216-ohm, 1/33554432-ohm, 1/67108864-ohm, 1/134217728-ohm, 1/268435456-ohm, 1/536870912-ohm, 1/1073741824-ohm, 1/2147483648-ohm, 1/4294967296-ohm, 1/8589934592-ohm, 1/17179869184-ohm, 1/34359738368-ohm, 1/68719476736-ohm, 1/137438953472-ohm, 1/274877906944-ohm, 1/549755813888-ohm, 1/1099511627776-ohm, 1/2199023255552-ohm, 1/4398046511104-ohm, 1/8796093022208-ohm, 1/17592186044416-ohm, 1/35184372088832-ohm, 1/70368744177664-ohm, 1/140737488355328-ohm, 1/281474976710656-ohm, 1/562949953421312-ohm, 1/1125899906842624-ohm, 1/2251799813685248-ohm, 1/4503599627370496-ohm, 1/9007199254740992-ohm, 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